

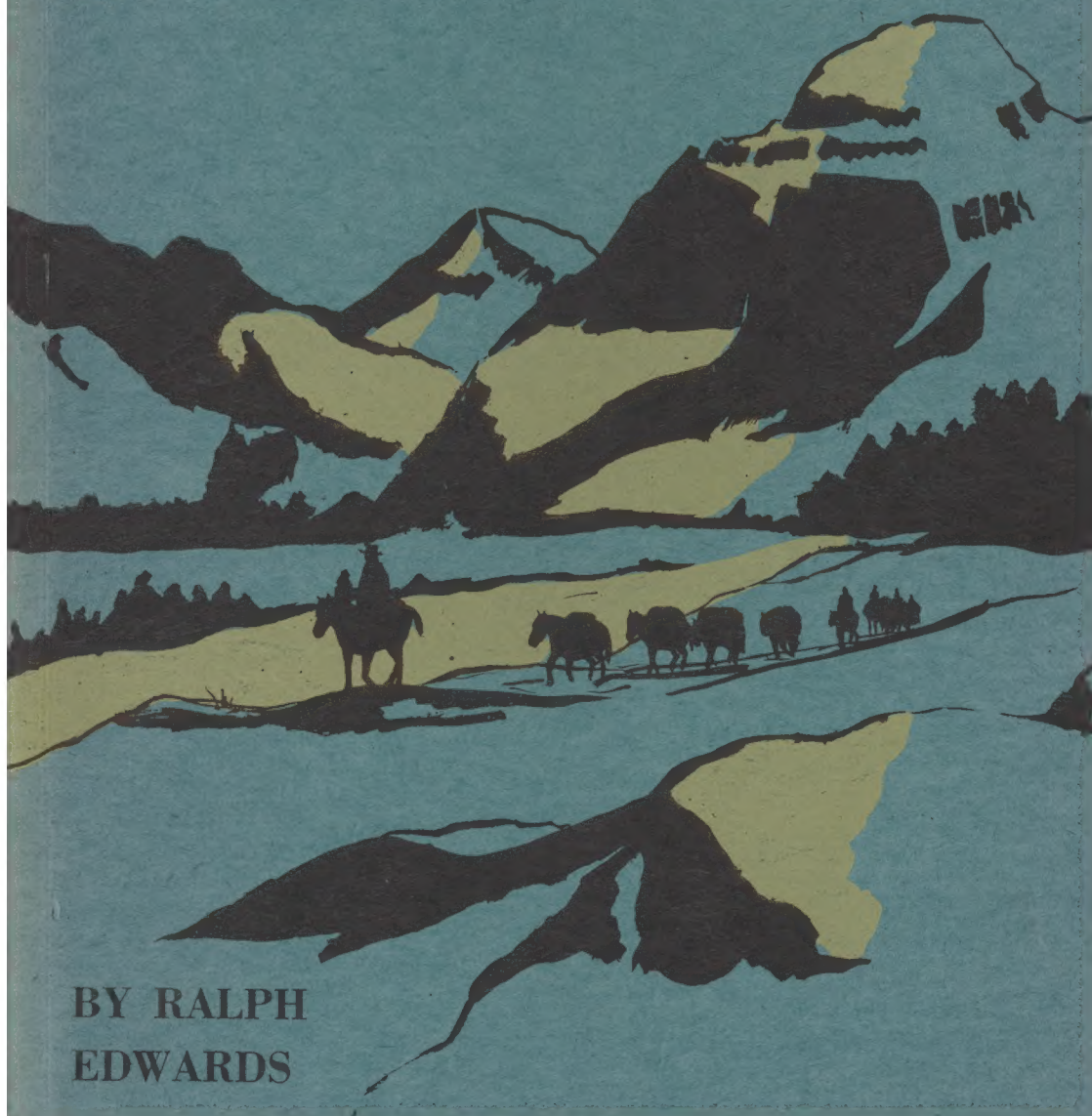
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The Trail to the Charmed Land



BY RALPH
EDWARDS



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Trail to the Charmed Land

by

RALPH EDWARDS



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Saskatoon

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To
Mabel and Hank
who were the inspiration
for this work

*“These are the Ghosts of the Hidden Trails;
The ghosts of the years that are gone;
When Youth rode over the hills in pride,
To seek what lay beyond.*

*Youth has passed and their steps are slow;
And some will ride no more;
But they showed the way and they blazed the trail
That leads to the Charmed Land,
And over the road with the unseen ghosts
The millions pass to-day.”*

Service.

FOREWORD

A word of warning to the reader may not be out of place at the outset as there will then be no misconception as to the manner of fare that will be set forth. I therefore take this opportunity of stating that this work is by no means to be regarded as a history, for although the incidents recorded herein are absolute fact and occurred in the manner described, they are not arranged in chronological order, and in the majority of cases have no connection with, or bearing on one another. Neither does it attempt to pose as high class literature. Whatever my shortcomings as an author may be, at least I realize that a polished, mellifluous style is not for me. Further, did I even consider myself capable of producing prose of such a type, I do not believe that it would be suited to the rough and ready outdoor life which I have tried to depict in the following pages. It is rather an effort to place on record events which had their share in bringing to the knowledge of the world the wonderful area centering on the backbone of the American continent north of the international boundary and extending for some four hundred miles from north to south; events which had much to do with the early establishment of large portions of this terrain as Canadian National Parks situated in the Rocky Mountains and set aside for all time for the enjoyment and recreation of all the peoples of the earth and also to be perpetual game sanctuaries wherein the wild life of the country might live a natural life, each in its own habitat, none daring to make them afraid.

I had the pleasure and honour of personally participating in the events recorded. At the time of their occurrence I considered them only incidental to a mode of obtaining my livelihood which appealed very strongly to me, but with the passing of the years came gradual realization that my associates and I had actually been helping to make history and had borne our small part in opening up a territory which, from the beginning of time, had been an almost entirely unknown land.

It must also be remembered that I was but one of that small body of men who loved the mountains and who lived, moved, and had their being within their shadow. Every one of this corps of guides had many experiences and adventures similar to my own, and had it been possible for some great writer with his facile pen to have co-ordinated all these happenings, he would have created a saga of intense interest and thrilling in the extreme. But this could not be and I have thought it well to record at least some of my own experiences and to attempt to preserve from oblivion the names and doings of some of the participants.

During the years immediately preceding and following the opening of the present century, a great deal of attention was directed to the Canadian Rockies, largely through the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway which rendered at least a portion of this terrain comparatively easy of access. The interest thus developed was increased by returning travellers who reported the existence of

towering mountain peaks, awe-inspiring precipices, mighty rivers, gigantic icefields and glaciers, and shimmering waterfalls. Finally, about ten years or less after the completion of the railway in 1885, Alpinists and other devotees of the great outdoors began to arrive in Banff, which even then was the centre of a very small park and boasted the only hotels worthy of the name for many miles.

Among the first of these pioneer explorers of the new area was the noted mountaineer, author, and photographer, Walter D. Wilcox, of Washington, D.C. In the early nineties he explored the country to the east and south of Lake Louise, discovering and exploring Desolation and Consolation Valleys. In 1896, accompanied by Messrs. Porter and Barrett, of Chicago, he spent a month in the neighbourhood of Mount Assiniboine. Some attempts were made at an ascent of this glorious peak, but without success. Many photographs of the mountain were taken; it was definitely established that its altitude was over 11,000 feet, though the correct height (11,878) was not known until several years after; and a vast amount of material gathered, to be given to the public later in Mr. Wilcox's two delightful books. In connection with this trip I recall a story concerning Mr. Barrett which is really too good to keep any longer, so many years having elapsed. One beautiful summer evening we had been sitting round our camp fire, chatting and drinking in the glory and charm of the moonlight illuminating the marvellous pyramid that is Mt. Assiniboine, until finally Mr. Barrett remarked that it was getting late and that he was going to "hit the hay." The rest of us soon followed his good example and ere long no sound could be heard save the occasional tinkle of a pony's bell. But in the middle of the night the silence was shattered by a terrific report. In an instant we all . . . guide, packers, and cooks . . . leaped from our blankets and rushed to the dudes' tent, whence the sound had come, fearful of some accident. We found Barrett sitting up in the middle of the bed, his heavy Winchester rifle still in his hands, with Wilcox and Porter on either side of him, struggling to disentangle themselves from their blankets and wondering what was happening. Barrett told us that he had awakened suddenly and had found himself staring straight into the gleaming eyes of some wild animal that was standing in the open door of the tent. Although we had been on our feet within seconds after the shot, none of us had seen any animal crossing the brilliantly lit flat, nor were there any tracks to be found in the dust around the tent.

Finally, Wilcox got a bright idea. He told Barrett, who was still only half awake, to lie down again and when he did so, he asked Barrett, "Can you see any sign of those eyes now?"

"Why, yes," replied Barrett, "I can. They are just over there."

"I thought so," said Mr. Wilcox, "You were just shooting at a couple of stars, a good few million miles away."

For the rest of the trip Barrett had to put up with sly remarks about people who could not hit anything by day, but got up in the middle of the night to shoot stars out of the heavens.

Mr. Wilcox for many years paid annual visits to the Canadian Rockies, and his exploits are commemorated by the Wilcox Pass, the old route to the Athabasca River, and by Mt. Wilcox, one of the guardians of the pass.

Another party of famous Alpinists who did much exploration work in the Rockies about this time included Professor Fay, of Tufts College, for whom Mt. Fay, number one in the colossal chain of peaks that encircle Moraine Lake, is named; Charles S. Thomson, a Chicago corporation lawyer, after whom Mt. Thomson, on the Bow Lake, is named; and Phillip Abbott, son of a vice-president of the New York Central railroad, and an enthusiastic young Alpinist. In July, 1896, these gentlemen, with one or two others, essayed the ascent of Mt. Lefroy, one of the giants at the southern end of Lake Louise. It is sad to have to relate that in this attempt Abbott met his death by falling down a chimney when close to the summit of the mountain. The body was recovered with great difficulty from the edge of a snow slope which ended just a few feet farther on in a thousand-foot precipice. The Abbott Pass, at the base of Mt. Lefroy, commemorates Mr. Abbott and his untimely end. This was one of the only two fatal accidents to mountain climbers in over fifty years in this section of the Rockies. A year later to the day the other members of the same party, gathered in memory of Abbott, again attempted the ascent and this time were successful in reaching the top without accident of any kind.

The writings and lectures of these gentlemen and others now began to attract overseas attention. From England came Dr. Coleman, who is remembered in Mt. Coleman which stands sentinel over the back door to the Columbia Icefields; Norman Collie, who has a mountain named in his honour on the divide between the Yoho Glacier and the Bow Lake; and H. G. Stutfield, who gave his name to Stutfield Peak, near the Wilcox Pass, when, with Collie, he visited and traversed that area, incidentally bagging a magnificent Rocky Mountain sheep head. These mountaineers did yeoman service in spreading the good tidings of a tremendous and most spectacular new playground among the climbing, photographing, and hunting fraternity of the Old World.

Then, in 1897, Jean Habel, a professor in a French university, arrived from France and became a member of the first expedition to traverse the Waputik Icefield from end to end, reaching it by way of the North Fork of the Wapta.

The following year the Rev. C. S. Noyes, of Boston, and the Rev. Harry Nicholls, of Chicago, arrived with the avowed object of attempting first ascents of some of the virgin peaks of the Great Divide. These gentlemen were experienced and capable mountaineers, having made numerous ascents in the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps and in the Appalachian Mountains of the Eastern States. In company with Charles Thompson and George M. Weed, another enthusiastic devotee of Alpine adventure, they not only attained their objective by reaching the summits of at least two mountains hitherto untrodden by the foot of man, but they also discovered and explored a new and wonderful stretch of country lying between the valleys of Siffleur and Bow rivers.

During this period Mrs. W. Schaffer, of Philadelphia, together with her husband, Dr. Schaffer, made yearly visits to the Canadian Rockies, travelling over a large part of the newly opened country. She continued her visits after the death of Dr. Schaffer, penetrated the Brazeau country, and became the first white woman to gaze

on lovely Maligne Lake. So charmed was she with the beauties of the mountains that she eventually became a permanent resident of Banff.

In 1902 Sir James Outram explored the Howse River area, then going up the Alexandra and Castleguard Rivers, reached the western boundary of the Columbia Icefields. From there he passed down the Sunwapta and Athabasca, climbing on his way, many notable peaks for the first time. A little later, accompanied by Bill Peyto, he attempted the ascent of stupendous Mt. Assiniboine, "The Matterhorn of the Rockies", which, so far, had defied all assaults. Sir James was entirely successful and was the first man to attain the summit of the highest mountain (11,878) in the southern Canadian Rockies.

Among others who did more or less exploration work in this large new area especial note might be made of Dr. Longstaff, of Himalaya fame, and Professor Walcott, from the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D.C., scientist, explorer, and author. Professor Walcott held the unique record of being the only person who ever received permission from the Canadian Government to shoot and carry away specimens of the wild life of the mountains within the boundaries of the National Parks. This permission was given, of course, because he was the accredited collector for the Smithsonian Institute. Year after year the Professor visited the Rockies, spending the greater part of the summer in his researches and increasing the world's knowledge of these regions to a very considerable extent. He was accompanied by his indefatigable and charming wife, the former Miss Mary Vaux, and by his faithful Negro cook and body servant, Alfred. This coloured gentleman (and he was very decidedly a gentleman) was the finest trail cook I have ever encountered. I verily believe that with a piece of deer meat or a trout and some beans he would put up a meal that would make the chefs of half the world's swanky hotels throw up their hands in despair. When the party was moving camp and did not intend to unpack at noon, the last thing Alfred did before mounting his pony was to hang on his arm a special little basket that he always had at hand, so that the pack train would hardly have stopped before Professor Walcott would find a most appetizing and nicely served little lunch set before him. Coloured, Alfred might be, but he was the soul of loyalty and he was ever looking for an opportunity to do someone a good turn. Peace to his remains.

These gentlemen were but a few of the explorers who opened up this magnificent land of a thousand charms. I have spoken only of those whom I personally took out into the hills, or with whom I was thoroughly well acquainted. Not only did these early pioneers of the National Parks bring to light many entrancing spots which otherwise might have remained unknown for years, but they also corrected many erroneous beliefs, as when Dr. Coleman, in 1892, showed that the two supposed giants, Mts. Brown and Hooker, that guarded the Athabasca Pass and were credited with thrusting their snow-clad peaks fourteen thousand feet into the tehereal blue, were very ordinary hills, not attaining more than ten thousand feet. Largely as a consequence of the great interest in the Canadian Rockies aroused all over the world, the Canadian Government

established new National Parks and enlarged existing ones, sent out survey parties to map out the territory, and commenced the construction of highways so that, as the Act establishing these parks reads, "they might be for the pleasure and recreation of all the people."

But all the enthusiasm, the intrepidity, the scientific knowledge, and the determination of these explorers and mountaineers would have been of no avail but for the wonderful co-operation of a small body of men . . . the corps of guides and packers . . . working out of Banff, Lake Louise, and Field. The qualifications necessary for admittance into this select community were many and varied. First and foremost a man who aspired to become a guide had to be . . . first, last, and all the time . . . a lover of the great outdoors. He had to be tough and healthy to withstand the climatic changes and extremes of temperature that he would experience. In case of accident or disaster he must be prepared to live off the country and keep his party supplied with food, perhaps for days or weeks at a time until he could reach an outpost of civilization. His sense of direction must border on the uncanny, for in the event of the trail's being obliterated or lost by any one of a number of causes, he must know instinctively where he was most likely to pick it up again. Further, he needed to have a way with horses, to understand them and what they are most likely to do under given conditions, and be ready to act accordingly. No matter how aggravating they might become, he must never descend to brutality, but treat his string, if not with overflowing affection, at least with common decency, or the occasion was likely to arise when he would be left badly in the lurch. A good guide cared for his horses, arranging their packs so that they were perfectly evenly balanced and would not cause girth galls or sore backs. He must have been initiated into the mystic circle of the "diamond hitch". The possession of the knowledge of this intricate arrangement of rope, by means of which the pack rode safely and securely through the day, stamped a man as one of the brotherhood. It was necessary for him to know the sections of the country where game was plentiful and to be able to read at a glance the sign which game had left in passing and to be able to decide on the method of approach most likely to be successful. Finally, he had to be quite fearless, though not rash, cool-headed under awkward and trying circumstances and must always be prepared to accept the post of danger as part of his duty. Guides prided themselves on bringing their "dudes" back in as good shape as they went out. It has always been a source of satisfaction to me to be able to say that I never brought a dude home injured or sick and never lost a horse, except one cayuse killed by a grizzly when there was no one in camp to help.

Some of the older and better known of the members of this remarkable fraternity with whom I had the pleasure and honour to be associated included such men as the late Bill Peyto, guide *par excellence*, who would not know the meaning of the word "defeat," and took out some of the most famous Alpinists and hunters of his time. When he left the outfitting business, he joined the game warden service. It did not pay to break regulations when one was travelling in Bill's territory. He was just as likely to

appear in your camp in the dead of night and from an entirely different direction to the one from which you would have expected him to come as he was to meet you calmly riding up the trail in broad daylight. If you had a clean bill of health, Bill would do anything on earth to help you, but if the contrary were the case, it had to be an extraordinarily good or bad, man who could get away from Bill, and Bill would get you in the end, anyway, if he had to trail you all the way to your home. Then there was Jimmy Simpson, another grand chap, the proud possessor of the record Rocky Mountain Sheep head who, when Tom Wilson went out of business, started up for himself and hunted, trapped, and guided for many years. Another outstanding trail man was Fred Stephens, who was with me when the first trip to the head of the Yoho was made. We also counted in our number Tom Lusk, peppery little Texan, who had travelled the Chisholm Trail so often that he claimed the buffalo birds along the route knew him and would ride with him by the hour. Still others were Harry Lang, the Otto boys, the Logan brothers, and at a later date came Bill and Watty Potts, George Harrison, and Jimmy Boyce. But there was another group of men, an almost forgotten group, without whom it is most unlikely that these exploration parties which were to call the attention of the world to the Rocky Mountain Area, would ever have left the railroad. I refer to what might almost be called "the noble army of martyrs", the trail cooks. True, they did not carry the responsibility for the well-being of the party on their shoulders, they did not have to chase themselves through soaking wet grass to fetch the string into camp and, except in very small outfits, they did not have to assist with packing. But they did have to get up in the dim dawn when the guide went to fetch the cayuses in from their grazing ground and, rain or shine, frosty or warm, coax the smouldering embers of the camp fire into a quick blaze and, by the time the ponies were in and the dudes up, have ready a palatable breakfast. As soon as the meal was over, there was a rush to get pots, pans, and dishes cleaned and stowed away and, unless it was intended to unpack at noon, as might be done to give the ponies a break in a long day, a lunch had to be made up for all hands. Then came two or three hours of peaceful riding along the trail and a sudden rush at noon to get a quick little fire going for a big pot of tea or coffee. Another two or three hours respite, and it was time to make camp for the night. Immediately the cook was up to his ears in work, preparing the biggest and most important meal of the day. Supper served and disposed of, the usual cleaning up process followed and then the cook could get to work and prepare for the next morning's meal, slicing bacon or venison, cooking rice, raisins and other dried fruits. At least every second night bannock had to be baked and this was the final and severest test of how good a man a trail cook was. If he could make a really top-notch bannock, he would do to ride the river with. The ingredients were few . . . flour, salt, baking powder and water, and the process was simple. One merely made a stiff dough, flattened it out to the size of a frying pan and set it upright in front of a good camp fire, one with not too much flame but plenty of red-hot coals, and when it was baked to a beautiful golden brown, the bannock

was supposed to be done. Sounds very easy, doesn't it, but oh, the difference in bannocks! The whole secret lay in the kneading process. This had to be so conducted that air was worked into the dough. The more air folded in, the lighter the bannock, but if this were not done, one of two things happened. If the dough were a little too damp, the result was that a thin skin on the outside was cooked and the inside was a gooey mass, somewhat resembling bubble gum; but if it were mixed too dry, the bannock, when baked, became a very good substitute for a concrete slab. If properly manipulated, however, there is no bread on earth quite so tasty and soul-satisfying as bannock.

Some trail cooks, notably Jim Boyce and Walter Garrett, could produce a bannock that literally melted in your mouth and the dudes never seemed to know when they had had enough. Other trail cooks also turned out excellent bannock; in fact, if you couldn't make good bannock, you couldn't be a trail cook. Still, I question whether any white man attained the proficiency arrived at by Cree squaws, especially when the difference in materials is taken into account. In the early days the Cree squaw had no baking powder, just flour, salt, and water and the bannock was made right in the flour sack. But they had the kneading process down to perfection and few white men, even with the advantage of baking powder, could beat the squaw.

In connection with this subject, I recall a story which I think is too good to be omitted. A certain old-time school teacher who shall be nameless because, though now an old man, he still lives in the West and is about as well respected as any ex-school teacher and ex-member of a Legislative Assembly can be, got the idea that it might be a good thing if he earned a little extra money in the summer holidays. So he applied to Tom Wilson for a job, and Tom sent him out with one of his larger outfits so that he could gain experience and learn something of the trails. About the third day out the dominie thought he would like to try his hand at bannock baking and so, after supper, we gave him his instructions and he started in. Ere long the bannock, according to his calculations, was ready for baking, so he put it in a large frying pan and set it up in front of an excellent fire. After the normal time of cooking had elapsed, the bannock was baked a lovely brown and, of course, as soon as it had cooled somewhat, we decided to sample it. Now, bannock really should not be cut, it should be broken, so we essayed to break it, but none of us appeared to be sufficiently muscular. Knives were fetched, but these produced no effect either on the unyielding surface of the bannock. Some joker declared that this bannock could not be allowed to get away with anything like this and suggested that we try an axe. The axe was accordingly tried, but the bannock remained, though somewhat marred, it is true, very definitely still unconquered. Some were unkind enough to say that the axe was more dented than the bannock, but that might be classed under the head of "poetic license". Anyway we gave it up for the night, but we packed that bannock along with us the next day and after supper set it up against a big tree and had some excellent target practice on it with our rifles, thus finally defeating the ironclad bannock by blasting it into fragments. It was a long,

long time before the dominie ceased to be the butt of a lot of sly jokes regarding the durability of his bannock.

So far we have had three factors in the opening up of this wonderful mountainous terrain—the dudes, the guides and packers, and the cooks. There remains yet one other factor without the addition of which the first three would have been helpless—the Indian pony. He furnished the only reasonable means of transportation through so rugged a country. Canoes were out of the question, for the streams were far too shallow and boulder strewn. Of course they could have been used on large rivers like the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, or even the Bow; but then one was only following the old fur trail and not really exploring any new territory. Dogs were of use only in the winter when the explorers were far away, and a party packing supplies on their backs could not take in a sufficient quantity to last for any length of time. The cayuse was the only logical answer; hardy, enduring, requiring little attention and able to go practically anywhere, he marched along, day after day, uncomplainingly, up this valley and over that pass, wherever the whim of his masters dictated, and in the final analysis he may be regarded as the deciding factor which made these explorations possible.

These, then, are the men (and the animals) who “showed the way and blazed the trail.” Most of them have travelled their Last Trail and crossed their Last Divide and those who are left are old men with little left of the olden times but their wonderful memories, and I have thought it well to place on record the names of at least some of them with whom I had the privilege and the honour to be intimately associated, together with some few of their accomplishments. They gave Canada the small beginnings of what may well ultimately become her greatest industry, namely, the tourist business which, indeed even now, is second only in revenue produced to agriculture and which is steadily gaining, year by year, on that all-important source of income. Verily, down the road that they marked out “the millions pass to-day.”

RALPH EDWARDS

Banff, 1949.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

IT will probably be well to give my readers some insight into the preliminary procedure in arranging for such trips as will be described in the ensuing pages and also to explain at least some of the technical terms in everyday use by the fraternity of the trail.

A trip into the untrodden world of the Rockies in the days of which I write was not a thing to be undertaken lightly and without due consideration. A party did not walk up to an outfitter and calmly announce, "Mister, we'd like to climb Mt. Assiniboine or the Snow Dome", or, "We'd like to go hunting grizzly bear", and so forth, and expect to be on their way the next morning. Negotiations were commenced probably in the autumn previous to the summer in which the expedition was to be made. Two or three friends would get together and discuss the possibilities of a trip into the Canadian Rockies. They would then decide on the locality that they wished to visit and follow this up by writing to one of the leading outfitters in the area, stating the object of their trip, where they wished to go, the time they proposed to spend in the hills, and asking for an estimate of the cost. Correspondence would be carried on all winter, and by early spring all arrangements would have been completed.

During the spring the equipment required would be overhauled, repaired if necessary, and generally put in first-class condition. The equipment supplied by the outfitter included saddlery (both riding and pack), tents or teepees, all cooking utensils, axes, pack covers, ropes, and so on. Blankets could also be supplied if the dudes did not desire to be encumbered with their own. Riding saddles were the ordinary stock saddle used on ranches, usually supplied with double "cinchas" or belly bands. Some riders swore by the single-cinch saddle, mainly on the ground that it was easier to get off in case of trouble; but personally I always preferred the double cinch, principally because it was not likely to slip forward and cause girth galls, and furthermore, if one cinch broke, the other remained to hold

the saddle in place until the rider could dismount without injury and make repairs. The pack saddle was a work of art, though nothing much to look at. It consisted of two pieces of hickory, ash, or some other stout wood, about 15 inches long, 5 or 6 inches wide and an inch or more deep in its thickest part. These pieces of wood were shaped on the underside to fit the normal contour of a pony's back and were connected by an X at either end, the upper portion of the X being very much smaller than the lower. On the upper arms of the X were hung the sling ropes in which the packs were hung and the ends of the ropes tied tightly across the top of the saddle. Each cayuse was fitted with a "hackamore", that is a halter with a fairly long rope spliced on for leading or picketing purposes. Each had also a pair of hobbles, to prevent too rapid movement when turned loose to graze at night, though some of the more cunning cayuses learned the trick of being able to travel almost as quickly hobbled as free. It was done by jumping with the front feet and running with the hind.

Preliminary arrangements being all complete, and the date for the proposed trip drawing near, the outfitter selected the guide, packer, and cook that he intended to send out, also notified them when they would be going out. He would, if possible, send out men who had travelled together before and could be expected to get on well together. This was rather important, as dissension among the crew might easily result in an unpleasant trip. I recall one occasion when Tom Wilson had no other choice than to send out as my cook a man who detested me heartily and for whom I entertained a similar feeling. We both had sense enough not to resort to gunplay or anything of that kind, but we never spoke to each other unless it was unavoidable. Certainly such a state of affairs did not tend to increase the harmony of the outing.

About the day previous to that on which a start was to be made food supplies would be delivered at the outfitter's storehouse and the boys would make them up into as convenient packs as possible. At the outset packs would weigh 200 pounds, or nearly so, this being considered the maximum load for a cayuse to carry five or six hours per day over a mountain trail. These supplies included bacon, ham, flour, baking powder, rice, beans, tea, coffee, sugar, dried fruits, and salt. These were the "must haves"; then

came the luxuries which did not grace the table on all occasions. These delicacies, which we "tough nuts" affected to despise as an evidence of softness, and suitable only for pampered city dwellers (but which we nevertheless assisted to consume, on the ground that it would not do to let them go bad) comprised such items as jam, marmalade, canned meats and fish, rolled oats, condensed milk, desiccated soups, cocoa, and even jelly powder.

SO it will be seen that even in those early days and in the untrodden wilds we did not fare too badly. Also it was amazing what tasty, appetizing meals the better trail cooks could evolve from even bare necessities. Later on, about the time that I quit following the trails, the few pack outfits that still went out sometimes had fallen so far from the old standards as to carry dehydrated vegetables, custard powders, and prepared puddings.

The day of departure arrived, and the guide and his assistants had an early breakfast and started for the corrals, where the cayuses, brought in from pasture the evening before, awaited them. The business of saddling began, and this is not so simple as it may sound. First, the horse blankets were carefully folded, so that no smallest crease or wrinkle should be left, as this could easily cause a pony to develop a sore back through the constant rubbing occasioned by the pressure of the pack and the motion of the cayuse. Pack saddles were then fitted with great care and cinched up. It generally happened that, at the end, at least one cayuse was left with no saddle that really fitted him properly. This was counteracted by doubling up the corners of the saddle blanket until no one part of the saddle exerted greater pressure than any other. The packs, which had previously been carefully arranged so that the two packages that hung on either side of the pack saddle were as nearly as possible of equal weight, were then placed in the sling ropes which depended from the X's at each end of the saddle, the sling ropes drawn as tightly as possible and tied together across the top of the saddle. Occasionally it happened that it was impossible to get the two sides of a pack of equal weight and in such cases the heavier pack was hung higher on the saddle than the lighter one, thus preserving the even balance. Odds and ends and small packages were carried loosely, or in bags, and used to fill in between the main packs so as to form a small top pack.

The cook's special appurtenances were carried in what were known as "grub boxes". In these boxes were placed cooked food, opened tins and bags, tableware, and so forth. They were strongly made so as to withstand considerable rough usage on the trail without injury to the contents.

Over all the pack was placed the "pack cover", a piece of strong canvas about 6 by 8 feet. The corners were all carefully tucked in, and everything was ready for the final operation. This, the masterpiece of packing, was the placing of the "diamond hitch". The diamond hitch was an intricate arrangement of rope which held the pack firmly in place, and which, if properly adjusted, would not loosen under the most trying circumstances; I have known cayuses to fall into creeks and roll down steep sidehills, get up and go on with their packs sitting as securely as ever. It would be useless to attempt to describe how the diamond hitch was made, for the reader would gain no idea of the process involved, nor of what the completed hitch looked like. Actual demonstration with a pack horse and a lash rope, as the rope with which the hitch is made is termed, is the only way to learn the trick, and even then constant practice is required until "throwing the hitch" becomes second nature. One hundred dollars has more than once been paid for instruction in the art.

The lash rope is a tough half-inch rope some 14 to 16 feet long with a spliced eye at one end. The girth to which it is attached is of stout canvas, furnished with a hardwood hook laced to it with rawhide at one end and an iron ring sewn on at the other. Through this ring the rope is threaded, the free end of the rope run through the spliced eye, and the lash rope is complete and ready for use.

Some packers favoured the use of "alforjas" instead of boxes for the carrying of odd articles and supplies. "Alforjas" were stout cowhide bags of considerable size, and practically anything could be stowed in them. The principal objections to their use were that the contents could not be packed systematically and that the cowhide did not protect its contents to the same extent as a stout wooden box.

ALL BEING IN READINESS, the guide gave a last glance round to make sure that nothing had been left behind, and the little cavalcade moved off, the guide at the head, probably leading the bell mare, and the rest of the party

scattered here and there throughout the string of pack ponies, keeping them up in their places and herding any stragglers back into line.

Five hours travel at an average rate of two and a half miles per hour was considered a regular pack train day, though this rule could not always be strictly adhered to. Sometimes the difficulties of the trail made it impossible to cover more than two or three miles in a day (once I camped within sight of my previous night's camp) and sometimes in order to reach a suitable camping ground it became necessary to travel fourteen or fifteen miles.

When the day's journey was completed and the selected camping ground reached, everyone unsaddled his pony, throwing the saddle blanket over the saddle with the damp side uppermost, so that the sweat would dry off without stiffening the blanket. Should the evening be fine, all the cayuses were unpacked at once and turned loose to roll wherever they found a nice, dry spot. They would go down to the creek for a drink and start grazing around the camp until it was time to take them to the night grazing ground. Meanwhile the cook grabbed his grub boxes, started a fire, and commenced preparing supper. As soon as the packs were off and the cayuses unsaddled, the guide and packer set up the sleeping tents or teepees and then, while one of the boys looked after the getting in of a plentiful supply of dry wood for the night and the following morning, the other attended to the business of bed making. A quantity of not-too-large spruce boughs were cut, brought into the tent and made into a fragrant mattress some six inches or so in depth. The boughs were not thrown on in a haphazard way, but carefully laid one by one with the tops towards the head of the bed and the butts pointing to the foot, overlapping so that only the softer top parts were left exposed. No bed was ever devised by man to give greater comfort or more restful sleep.

By the time these chores were finished, the cook was shouting, "Come and get it or I'll throw it in the creek." After full justice had been done to the excellent meal provided by the cook, the evening chores were proceeded with. Cayuses were taken to the night grazing ground and picketed, hobbled, or turned loose according to their roaming tendencies. A plentiful supply of firewood assured, unopened packs were neatly piled, together with all riding

and packing gear, and carefully protected from any weather that might develop by pack canvas. Meanwhile friend cook baked his toothsome bannocks and made such other preparations for the morrow's meals as were possible.

THEN CAME THE TIME, perhaps the most enjoyable of the day, when everyone gathered around the camp-fire to spin yarns, smoke pipes, and possibly indulge in a mild game of penny ante, until it was time to roll into the blankets to enjoy slumbers that the most sybaritic bed under a roof could never produce.

Should it, unfortunately, be raining when camp was made, a slightly different procedure was adopted. All packs were left on until a tent had been set up and then as each cayuse was relieved of his burden, the packs were piled in the tent. The other tents were then set up and the packs distributed among them, thus keeping everything dry and in good shape.

Soon after daylight the guide, packer, and cook were up and about their business; the cook getting on with breakfast while the other boys rounded up the cayuses, brought them into camp and commenced saddling until breakfast was ready. As soon as this was over, the cook hurriedly cleaned up the dishes and packed his grub boxes. Tents were hauled down and folded and bed rolls made up. To an outsider such a scene would look like wild confusion, but suddenly everything was in its appointed place, the last lash ropes were tightened up and once more the brethren of the trail fared forth, ready for whatever enchanting or exciting moments the day might have in store.

CHAPTER II

THE DISCOVERY OF THE YOHO

SHOULD THIS WORK ever achieve the honour of attracting the attention of literary critics, some sticklers for strict accuracy may claim that the title of this chapter is a misnomer, basing such criticism on the ground that for many years previous to the events narrated in this chapter the existence of the Yoho River, or as it was then called, the North Fork of the Wapta, and of the valley through which it runs, had been known to many travellers penetrating the Rocky Mountains by way of the Kicking Horse Pass. Technically speaking, the critics would have right on their side for the valley was plainly visible from the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks. But in so far as any actual knowledge of the valley or the river was concerned, it remained as much an unknown hinterland as it was when Sir James Hector followed and named the Kicking Horse River, or when the first surveyors for the Canadian Pacific right-of-way came over the Great Divide. All that could be seen from the upper stretches of the Kicking Horse was a narrow valley, like a deep gash between the ranges, the mountain ranges on either side sloping downward steeply, though not generally precipitously, to form an almost perfect V, barely leaving room for the small, turbulent river to issue from the valley to swell the turbid waters of the Kicking Horse at the foot of the pass. It could be seen that the mountain slopes were thickly clothed with timber of moderate size and there was also plainly visible the evidence of ancient forest fires, caused undoubtedly by lightning, in the large number of standing, gaunt, dead poles. Also the valley appeared to have its origin in the mighty, ice-clad peaks far to the north. But this was the sum total of the knowledge concerning the valley; none had ever penetrated it to learn what manner of country was hidden behind the canyon through which the little river thundered on its way down to meet the wild current of the Kicking Horse. The valley, as much as could be seen from the slope of the Pass, offered a decidedly hostile and repellent aspect and apparently no one was ever sufficiently interested to endeavour to probe its mysterious depths.

Curiously enough the discovery of the Yoho and its valley, when it was at length achieved, was an entirely secondary consideration and the exploration of the valley was only one of numerous means being used for the accomplishment of an entirely different end.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth century a great deal of interest was being taken by Alpinists throughout Canada, the United States, and Europe in the noble peaks which form the backbone of the continent of North America and whose culminating ridges are known from Alaska to Cape Horn as the Great Divide. Many mountaineering parties set out from Banff, Laggan (now Lake Louise), and Field with the ascent of one or other of these rugged giants as their objective.

FOREMOST among the many towering peaks within reasonable distance of the civilization of that day, which flung their challenge to the skill and courage of the mountaineering fraternity, loomed the mighty bulk of snow-wreathed Mt. Balfour, a giant rearing its towering and precipices nearly 11,000 feet into the glorious blue of heaven. Untrodden by the foot of man, it dominated the entire Waputik Range, that chain of mountains which commences with Mt. Daly, near Laggan, and running in a north-westerly direction, ends on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River. Some attempts had already been made to reach the summit of this notable peak, but all without success. As each failure was recorded, the fame of Balfour grew until it became almost a point of honour with the brotherhood of mountaineers to persevere until some climber, more skilled or more lucky than his predecessors, should at length be victorious and look out upon the world below from the apex of this craggy Titan among mountains.

In July, 1897, there arrived in the little railway town of Field, a few miles below the continental divide and just within the British Columbian provincial boundary, Jean Habel, professor of mathematics at a French university and an Alpinist of many years experience, who had many ascents to his credit, and was a leading member of the Alpine and Appalachian clubs. Professor Habel, having heard much concerning the far-famed Mt. Balfour and the unsuccessful attempts which had been made to conquer it, had succumbed at length to the lure of the unattainable. He had come to

see for himself this reputedly inaccessible mountain and, if it appeared to him to be at all feasible, to endeavour to succeed where others had failed.

The Professor was no meek follower in other men's footsteps. Not on your life! He believed in striking out for himself and, regardless of the opinions of others, following out his theories to their culmination in either victory or defeat. So, although his enquiries regarding the possibilities of a successful ascent of Balfour were met on all sides by discouraging reports (some even going so far as to maintain that the mountain was unscalable), the Professor did not lose heart and retire defeated before he had even looked over the terrain. On the contrary, he pressed his questions with even greater vigour and found that so far all the attempts had been made from the eastern, or Bow valley, side. Why, he wanted to know, was this? Why had no one attempted the ascent from the western side, using the valley of the North Fork of the Wapta as a starting point? Here he really met with discouragement. He was told that this western valley was impenetrable, that it was nothing but a tangled wilderness of canyons, rocks and brush; such a place as might be conceived as being the dumping ground of all the superfluous, waste material left over when the mountains were first created. Still Habel was undismayed and persisted in his inquiries. Had any one attempted to go through this forbidding valley? And the answer was that neither white man nor Indian, so far as was recorded, had ever travelled through this desolation. Then, decided the Professor, he would blaze the trail and be the first to wrest its secrets from this unknown valley. In Field he talked with the old-timers, the mountain men, and the hunters, and from each and all he heard the same story of an impassable waste. He was told that there was no inducement for any one to wish to visit the valley; in the judgment of those who claimed to have knowledge of such matters it was unlikely that the valley sheltered any wild game within its recesses and the river was too small and too turbulent to hold any attraction for fishermen. True, a very few adventurous spirits had essayed to pass through or over the canyon which formed the entrance to the valley. Their report was of a terrible country, utterly impossible for horses and almost impossible for men. The ledges forming the lips of the canyon were a jumbled mass of rocks with

no even ground anywhere. This very charming landscape was thickly sprinkled with heavy brush, fallen trees, and rock slides from the higher slopes. Some few had, by much useless effort and with disastrous results to clothing, scrambled far enough to obtain glimpses of a mighty waterfall cascading from a great height far up on the western slope of Mt. Daly. This they had seen, and it was enough. In their opinion any one who would attempt to traverse this misbegotten territory was in urgent need of the ministrations of an alienist.

But Habel had the spirit of the Apostle Paul; none of these things moved him, if he could not get into the valley by way of the canyon, all right, he would go in some other way. A man who had braved all that Norway, Switzerland, and the Tyrol had to offer was not going to be daunted by an insignificant little Canadian valley just because no one else had hitherto had the intestinal fortitude to force a passage. So he looked around for some other means of entrance to this valley which only became more fascinating as the difficulties surrounding its exploration increased. The only other visible means of access to the North Fork appeared to be the comparatively low gap between Mt. Burgess and Mt. Field. This gap rose directly from the northern end of Emerald Lake and, could it be surmounted, must lead directly into the valley which was now Habel's first objective. The only possible exit to the north of the gap must bring one out somewhere along the North Fork valley. But was it feasible for a pack train, however skillfully handled, to make its way over the gap, and if it did, what would be found on the other side? Would it be possible to descend to the valley level and proceed upstream to the base of Mt. Balfour? To these queries time alone could supply the answer.

The Professor had made up his mind. He had set himself to explore the western slopes of Balfour and if the only way by which he could attain that object was by taking the roundabout road by Emerald Lake and passing through this gateway in the clouds, then, by heck, he, Jean Habel, was going that way if it were humanly possible. Anyway, he proposed to have a good run for his money. With characteristic directness he immediately set about making the necessary preparations and, naturally enough, gravitated to the door of Tom Wilson, the veteran Canadian Pacific survey

packer. Arrangements were soon completed whereby Wilson agreed to have saddle and pack ponies, tents, and all the various impedimenta requisite for the trip ready for action in Field on a specified day. A competent staff of guides and so on, was also to be provided. The Professor, doubtless feeling more at home on his own feet than on a horse, elected to walk for the duration of the trip, but as might be expected, the roughnecks disdained to stir a foot without their horses.

Thus it came to pass that on the morning of July 15th, 1897, four persons were gathered around the breakfast table in the hospitable dining room of the Railroad Y.M.C.A. at Field. As these four are the actors in the little drama now to be presented, courtesy to our readers demands that they be duly introduced in order of precedence. First, then, meet Professor Jean Habel, Alpinist, scientist and the leader of the expedition. A tall, well-set-up man nearing sixty, courteous and an agreeable companion, not lacking in dignity, but in no way domineering, yet withal of an obstinate and stubborn temperament, determined to override all obstacles in his path and giving indications of a temper quick to flare up and equally swift to die down. Next, though the youngest of the party, little more than schoolboy, comes the cook, Frank Wellman. On any trail trip the cook is by far the most important member of the party. Given a capable, willing, and agreeable cook, hardships are borne with equanimity, difficulties are overcome with a laugh, and he would be a bold man indeed who would even suggest that the party was not the best ever known or that the entire trip was not one continuous round of pleasure. But if the cook be inefficient, surly, and (most heinous crime of all), if he be dirty, nothing goes right, tempers are continually on edge and it is fortunate if the trip ends with its members speaking civilly to one another.

Fortunately, however, our Frank, despite his youth, proved himself to be one of the best, taking everything in his stride, though he had much to contend with that might have upset the equilibrium of a much older man, and never failing to have an appetizing meal awaiting tired and hungry travellers.

Then we have Fred Stephens, a well-built, capable-looking man in his later twenties who at all times emanated an aura of assurance and self-confidence which imbued all

with the feeling that, no matter what difficulties presented themselves, everything would turn out well. Fred's position was that of chief packer and on him devolved the duty of making sure that the ponies were packed properly, that the packs rode with the least possible discomfort to the ponies and, above everything else, that the famous diamond hitch was properly thrown and the ropes tightened to the last fraction of an inch; otherwise at some particularly awkward moment packs were liable to loosen with the disastrous result that supplies and paraphernalia of all kinds might be scattered hither and yon and even a miniature stampede take place due to the startled pack train trying to escape the unwelcome melody created by flying pots and pans. No fear of this when Fred was around. He refused to hit the trail so much as one step until he was certain that all was as it should be.

Finally, let me present myself, Ralph Edwards, a slim young rascal in my twentieth year and one of Tom Wilson's regular guides, already with several quite successful trips to my credit. Dowered at birth with the itching foot, it was but natural that I should grasp the earliest opportunity of entering the packing business for, like the Athenians of old, I was ever desirous of seeing and hearing some new thing. Some of my detractors basely asserted that the real reason of my adoption of the life of a trail guide was a rooted objection to real work of any description and that riding round the hills on a horse was about all that I was ever likely to do. In refutation I rise to remark that any one who imagines that following a pack train, in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of country, with the attendant thousand and one jobs that seem to appear from nowhere in particular, does not provide some of the steadiest and most continuous work conceivable is making just about the biggest mistake of his life. But we who followed the lure of the mountain trail loved the life and would not willingly exchange it for any other.

I had been allotted to the expedition in the capacity of guide, but Heaven only knew what guiding was going to be done. Traversing a country concerning which no one, from Wilson down, could give us the slightest information, in which there was no semblance of any trail, and where it was not a case of going where one wished to go, or even where one ought to go, but of going where it was possible,

or at least not quite impossible, to go, did not call so much for a display of the usual qualities necessary in a guide, but rather for an unlimited supply of patience, a happy knack of being able to spot the best available route through a maze into which one could only see a few yards ahead, and a determination to make the best of everything and to get somewhere somehow.

After breakfast, our last meal amid civilized surroundings for many days, we all adjourned to the nearby corral where we had camped overnight with the horses while awaiting the arrival of Professor Habel from Emerald Lake. The morning was by no means propitious for any undertaking, being showery, cloudy, and decidedly chilly for a July day, but as it was not really bad enough to cause us to remain in camp and as the first day's travel would be easy going, it was decided to proceed. Ponies were soon packed, and filing out of the corral gate, our expedition to the terra incognita commenced in earnest. Following what in those far-off days passed for a carriage road, we soon reached the now famous "Natural Bridge" and turning north at this point, we traversed a magnificent avenue of pines which ran parallel to the creek flowing out of Emerald Lake for five or six miles and in due course arrived at the lake where we had lunch. From here on we were strictly on our own.

THE FIRST OBJECTIVE was the farther end of Emerald Lake, where we proposed to spend the night. A trail of sorts followed the western shore of the lake for some distance at least, but as the ground was very rough with frequent patches of muskeg, Fred suggested that we load the packs into a kind of barge which was used by the fishermen who stayed in the primitive chalet, the forerunner of the lodge of the most modern type now operated by the railway company, and he would row them to the far end of the lake. He believed that we should make better time in this manner and it would certainly be easier on the ponies who were due to have plenty of hard work in the days to come. This was done accordingly and I started off with the ponies, expecting to have reached our camp ground some time previous to Fred's arrival in his prehistoric freighter. But the rough and swampy trail soon petered out, and all we could do was to keep as close to the shore as possible and let the horses wander among the trees as best they could, the result being that Fred's water transport

and the pack train arrived at the camp site together. I rather suspected that Fred found that he had bitten off a little more than he expected as he found considerable wind on the open lake which necessitated some hard rowing, but of course he said nothing.

Notwithstanding the drizzly evening, a comfortable camp was soon made, the ponies turned out to graze, and we ourselves, with a good hot meal stowed away where it would do the most good and warmed by the dying embers of our glowing camp fire, were soon ensconced in our blankets and sound asleep. The following morning we awoke to find not the gentle drizzle of the night before, but a continuous, heavy downpour which, without any argument, banished all thought of breaking camp and proceeding on our way. Little did we dream that for nearly two weeks this was to be our normal weather or that it would be merely ordinary routine to pack up and be on our way no matter how heavily the rain came down. Professor Habel noted in his diary, which was a most copious one, that the morning was "very damp", just about the finest example of understatement I have ever met with. I also kept a diary, which I still have, and in this my entry reads, "pouring in torrents".

Poor Frank had a terrible time trying to prepare a decent breakfast, but we all turned in and helped him as much as possible, getting the driest wood and so forth. In the end Frank did really splendidly, turning out a thoroughly appetizing meal with very little delay. Breakfast over, we sat and smoked, taking turns at putting fresh wood on the fire and coaxing it to give out a clear blaze with as little smoke as possible. Whoever happened at the moment to be serving the community in this manner found himself the target for an assortment of helpful (?) hints as to the best means of making really good fires in a rainstorm.

AFTER A WHILE, Habel, wearying of the monotony of sitting in a tent door and looking out on rain beating down on a lake which to our disgusted eyes looked quite wet enough without the addition of more water from above, decided to make himself, as he said, waterproof, and explore a narrow valley which headed northwest from the lake-shore. Three hours later he returned, waterproofing or not, soaking wet. After he had got himself into comparatively dry clothes and a little warmer, he told us that this valley

had proved most interesting, being wild in the extreme and ending in a cirque high up among precipitous cliffs and climaxed by a fine example of a hanging glacier. The rest of the day was spent in smoking inordinate quantities of tobacco, assisting Frank in any way we could, and trying to sit as still as possible so that we should not touch the walls of the tent and cause it to leak. I have seen greenhorns, anxious to ascertain whether a tent was leaking or not, touch what looked like a wet spot on the canvas with the tip of a finger. Almost at once they got their answer, wherever they had touched, there was no argument, the tent was leaking.

Early in the evening we decided we had had enough for one day and rolled into our blankets, fervently praying that the morning would bring a complete change of weather.

The next morning did show some improvement; instead of a continuous downpour the rain had slackened to little more than an extra heavy Scotch mist. Still, whatever the weather, some progress had to be made or the Professor's time would be frittered away amid unpleasant surroundings and nothing of any value would have been accomplished. So, during the usual breakfast conversation, it was settled that all of us except Frank, who of course had plenty to attend to in camp, would start out in an endeavour to locate the most feasible road to the summit of the Burgess Pass, as the gap came to be called.

The first objective of our expedition was to find some spot that would be suitable for a temporary camp higher up than the one we were now occupying. This necessitated finding some reasonably level spot with sufficient overnight feed for the ponies and wood and water within a short distance. As we did not expect to be able to cover the distance from Emerald Lake to the banks of the North Fork in one day's travel, we simply had to discover a fairly decent camp ground. The alternative would be to attempt to make the drive over the pass and down to the valley floor in the day, with the very unpleasant prospect of being overtaken by night in the midst of the soaking forest, having to tie the ponies up to trees to prevent their wandering over the whole mountainside in search of food and water, and making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances until the first glimmer of light should permit us to continue our journey. But for once luck was with us. At about three

hours distance from our present camp we broke into a forest glade which was all that one could wish for. It was large enough to furnish ample room for us and our horses. There was plenty of first-class grass for the latter for at least two days, and a pleasant sound not too far distant indicated a good supply of water. It began to look as if, after all, we should eventually get somewhere.

SATISFIED with having located so good a site for our next camp, we decided to press onward towards the summit so that we might gain some idea of the best road to follow. Scrambling along through the wet brush, we painstakingly picked out and blazed the general direction of the trail we hoped to follow with the pack train.

After a little more than an hour's climbing from the spot that we had selected for our camp, we suddenly emerged into the open. We had reached the summit of the pass and what a glorious panorama was spread before us! Although we were still far too much to the west to look down into the valley of the North Fork, the upper ranges were open to our view. Looking northward up the valley on both eastern and western slopes, the eye encountered extensive hanging glaciers, many of which terminated in beautiful ice falls. Higher up still, evidences were everywhere visible of a mighty icefield from which numerous small glaciers and tongues ran downwards until they ended in a tangle of rockslides and fallen timber which had been overwhelmed by avalanches in the not too remote past. This was the great Waputik Icefield, whose eastern side, looking out on the valley of the Bow River, was already comparatively well known, though little or no exploration work had as yet been done.

But the crowning glory of all flashed immediately before our enthralled eyes. On the eastern slope of the North Fork valley gleamed and thundered a breath-taking waterfall. This magnificent cascade came from beneath the ice of a tongue of the great Daly glacier and, travelling at breakneck speed, hurled itself into space over the rim of a precipitous cliff. We were especially fortunate in getting our first sight of this grand fall from our present standpoint as this was about the only place from which a complete view of the whole cascade can be obtained; further down towards the valley the lower part of the fall is not visible, being hidden behind a high, rocky ridge running

at a sharp angle from the base of the mountain. This overwhelming spectacle more than repaid us for our efforts to thrust our way through the wet and tangled brush. Curiously enough, though the waterfall had not, as far as we were aware, hitherto been named. Professor Habel did not suggest naming it, always referring to it as the "great fall". This is the world-famous Takakkaw Falls to which thousands of visitors from all quarters of the globe annually make pilgrimage to gaze in delighted wonder on this, one of the great waterfalls of the world. From the point where the water plunges over the precipice, to where it strikes the rocks below is fifteen hundred feet. This is really divided into three falls, but so closely are they merged that the break in the continuity is hardly discernible. One hundred feet below the rim of the cliff there is a very narrow ledge and from this ledge there is a sheer drop of eleven hundred feet and a final descent, almost hidden in spume and mist, of three hundred feet. On a clear day, with the western sun tinting the ever-rising cloud of spray with every hue of the rainbow, this magnificent cascade presents a never-to-be-forgotten sight and the recollection of its grace and beauty will be a most delightful memory throughout the years. The Professor estimated the fall at rather more than its actual height, his figure being 2,100 feet; but he adds that a percentage of this must be deducted as not being of the fall proper, but included in the run-off into the river below. Our own elevation he gauged with great accuracy at 7,110 feet and when the height of the valley above sea level is added, his measurements, considering that he had only his powers of observation and an aneroid barometer to work with, are remarkably correct.

After gazing our fill at this stupendous sight, the day being still quite young, we decided to spend some time in exploration of the slopes above us. Climbing farther up the mountain, mainly with the hope of securing some really worth-while photographs, we shortly reached a series of terrace-like ledges. These ledges were quite narrow and formed a sort of gigantic stairway for some distance up the mountain. Very much to our surprise, as we emerged from the timber onto the lowest ledge, we found ourselves facing two exceptionally fine specimens of the mountain goat. One of these hurriedly turned a corner and disappeared, but the other, doubtless seeing human beings for the first

time, moved quite slowly along the ledge. Now the unwritten law of the trail is that the dude does the shooting and the roughneck looks on, not taking any part in the proceedings unless he is asked to do so, or things seem to be becoming too dangerous and liable to end in disaster. Obeying this rule, I handed my rifle to Professor Habel and perhaps a little to my surprise, he made a very good shot and dropped the Billy in his tracks, though not killing him outright. Knowing what was likely to happen, Fred and I ran forward to hold on to the goat, but the Professor, probably afraid that we might get hurt, called to us most vociferously to stay back. We told him that unless something was done to prevent it, the goat, as his last act on earth, would inevitably throw himself over the cliff with a suicidal determination to outwit us at the last. But Habel would have none of it. He reiterated, "Come back, come back; he will die; he is safe; he cannot get away." The argument was still proceeding when the goat, who quite evidently was at his last gasp, made one convulsive movement, heaved himself to his knees and, with his last ounce of strength, flung himself clear over the precipice. We heard the crashing of the body in the treetops far below and I consider it to the eternal credit of Fred and me that we refrained from saying, "We told you so." Probably we looked it, and I shall never forget the utterly baffled and dumbfounded look that spread over the Professor's face. It was as though he had seen something happen which under no circumstances *could* happen. However, the little incident had one good result; from there on the Professor unquestioningly accepted as absolute gospel truth anything Fred or I told him concerning the trail or the wild life of the hills. On our way back to camp we were agreeably surprised to find that the body of our goat had come to rest not more than a hundred yards from the spot we had selected for our next camping ground.

The following day dawned wet and cheerless and so completely depressing that the Professor decided to remain one more day in camp, feeling, perhaps, that sooner or later this miserable rain must cease, and that it might just as well be sooner as later.

Fred and I busied ourselves during the morning with skinning Habel's goat and removing the head which was a very fine specimen indeed and I believe that, on his return

to civilization, Habel had it mounted and it became one of the chief ornaments of his apartment. We also secured the best cuts of the meat and this addition to our larder proved most fortuitous as it enabled the party to remain longer in the valley than had been anticipated and thus make up for time lost due to bad weather.

In the afternoon I got my initiation into my duties as assistant photographer, if I may so dignify them. Professor Habel carried a large and heavy 5x7 plate camera and the removal of the exposed plates and the insertion of new plates became a matter for very serious thought in the absence of anything remotely resembling a dark room. However, between us we eventually evolved the following procedure. First we procured five or six short sticks, 4 or 5 feet long and set them up much after the fashion of a teepee. In this framework the Professor, together with his camera and full and empty plate cases, squatted like an overgrown frog. I then gathered all the blankets in camp and arranged them around the framework until the Professor was satisfied that every tiniest ray of light was excluded. Then, guided only by his sense of touch, he removed the exposed plates and placed them in their case, opened the new packet of plates and placed them in due order in the camera. The entire operation took the greater part of an hour, and when the weather was warm, by the time the Professor called to me to remove the blankets and let him out of his prison, he presented a very fair imitation of a man who had taken a Turkish bath with all his clothes on. Still the results proved satisfactory, and I am glad to record that throughout the trip not a single plate was spoiled by mismanagement.

THE MORNING of the 19th brought a welcome change — fine, bright, sunshiny weather — and no time was lost in breaking camp, packing up, and starting up the mountainside on our way to the spot we had previously picked out for our second camp. Four days had already slipped by, and we were still within sight of civilization, so that it behoved us, if anything were to be accomplished before we were forced to return to Field and the railroad, to get going with the utmost dispatch. With Fred or me leading the way, we sought to follow as closely as possible the route we had been over two days before, but it was

slow work and heart-breaking toil for our sturdy little cayuses. It was quite impossible, owing to the steepness of the hillside, to maintain anything like the normal, steady pack-train pace. The ponies could not be driven or led; all we could do was to herd them in the right direction and allow them to go at it in their own way. Up the hill they scrambled with straining legs and humped up backs, until their breath failed them and they stood with heaving sides and hooves dug solidly into the ground to retain what they had won. When their flanks regained their normal condition and they began to look around for a few blades of grass to nibble at, we would start them off again and another spell of scrambling and scratching for foothold would follow, and thus a few more yards would be gained. At the steepest part of all we came upon what the Professor called an old trail. We did not agree with him as it started nowhere and further up the hill ended equally abruptly. Even an ancient game trail would have had some beginning or ending, and there was not the slightest indication that it had ever been used by animal or human being. Our opinion was that it had been caused by a very heavy run-off of spring melted snow many years ago and that, in all probability, it still carried a certain amount of surface water every spring, thus giving some resemblance to a trail. However, it mattered little what it was; it was going in the right direction and travelling by it was easier than pushing a way through brush and timber. When at length the "trail" petered out, we resumed our arduous climbing, broken by a short rest at noon for a hasty lunch and to give the ponies a much needed breather.

Fairly well along in the afternoon we arrived at our selected camp ground, unpacked, and turned the ponies loose to revel in the luxury of a roll and to feed on the lush grass which abounded in this mountain clearing. Not much fear of there being any breakaway this night, the horses were too tired and the feed was too inviting. Our party was also well pleased with the location of our overnight stop. Besides being an excellent camp ground for one or two nights, the situation itself was charming. High enough up to afford a glimpse of Emerald Lake far below, it opened up splendid views of the many glorious peaks in the immediate neighbourhood of the lake. Delighted by the magnificent scenery which surrounded us on all sides, the

Professor spent the rest of the afternoon in securing a number of pictures of Alpine scenery which, in all probability, had never been photographed before and might not be again for many more years.

NEXT MORNING Habel and I were up almost before daybreak and, after swallowing a hasty breakfast, set out to plot our route over the divide and down into the valley of the North Fork, with the idea that if we were fortunate and found the going good, we might make some considerable advance that day; perhaps even reach the river bottom itself. But the old adage concerning the plans of mice and men was once more justified. About nine o'clock a terrific thunderstorm swept around the peaks to the northwest and in a few moments we were soaked to the skin. No shelter that we could find availed against the onslaught of that bitterly cold downpour and in the end we had to acknowledge ourselves thoroughly beaten and make our way back to camp, arriving there feeling as if our very bones were wet through. The rain made the rocks as slippery as glare ice, and it was necessary to proceed more slowly than we wished and take great care to avoid a bad fall which might easily have had disastrous results. One thing we had ascertained before we were forced to make our way back to camp — we were too high up for any route that could be followed by the pack train and we should have to investigate the possibilities a little lower down.

The morning of the 22nd was clear and bright for a change and soon we had packed up and bidden farewell to our pleasant camp ground. Backtracking on the upward route of two days before, we presently struck northward through comparatively open country where the pack horses were able to make almost normal time. It now appeared as if fortune were really going to favour us and that we should reach the valley without further disappointments and setbacks.

After about two hours travel we arrived at a point from which the ground seemed to slope downward gently on either side. Professor Habel asserted that we were now on the summit of the divide and, with his usual meticulous attention to detail, stated that this was 6,030 feet above sea level. About half a mile from this point we emerged from the timber on the shore of a marvellously beautiful littl-

lake, not much larger than a big pond, but of an exquisite ultramarine colour. Even Lake Louise itself could not surpass this unknown mountain lakelet hidden away amid the towering pines as we saw it glittering in the clear sunlight, far from the turmoil and the haste of civilization. So beautiful was it, and so great was its appeal to me, that I immediately christened it Lake Marina on account of its colouring and charm, and the Professor was kind enough to accept my nomenclature. From this point we began to descend towards the valley, though at first the descent was hardly noticeable. About noon we reached another small lake somewhat similar in shape to a figure eight. A little while after passing this second lake we arrived at the brow of the final descent into the North Fork Valley. Habel, in his pamphlet on the trip, dismisses this descent very cursorily. He says, "From this lake we descended in forty-five minutes to the level of the North Fork Valley." The Professor, unaccustomed to travel in country of this kind, especially with horses, did not realize that what appeared to him to be an easy way down and for which we all ought to be duly thankful, was nothing less than a nightmare to Fred and me. In all my journeyings in the hills I have never seen moss so deep; so thickly did it carpet the descent from the pass that we never did strike the bottom of it. I have had to put more than one pony out of his pain through his breaking a leg between hidden rocks or logs, and there is no way of telling what the moss conceals. Our ponies sank literally to their bellies in the rich, thick moss and the Professor could not understand why we allowed them to pick their own way and take all the time they wished. However, we eventually reached the bottom without mishap and immediately made camp on a tiny, open flat in full view of the glorious Takakkaw Falls.

And so here we were at last actually in the valley of what is now known as the Yoho, after many annoyances and some little discomfort, but fortunately without any injury to man, beast, or equipment. Consider though, it had taken us eight days to reach a point less than twelve miles from Field; a distance which a car traverses to-day in about half an hour. Nevertheless we had had the satisfaction of beholding some magnificent scenery hitherto unknown and of which the visitor who follows the motor road sees nothing.

Next morning we woke to the familiar patter of rain on the tents, but we had grown used to this and we proceeded with our preparations for departure just as though the sun were shining and it was the finest morning imaginable. This was now the real beginning of the expedition, all that had gone before being just the preliminary gestures. All that remained to be done now was to follow the stream to its source somewhere at the foot of the Waputik Icefield and travel over this to the neighbourhood of Mount Balfour where Professor Habel hoped to find a definite answer to the question as to whether that mountain would be more easily scaled by way of the western face rather than the eastern which had already been unsuccessfully tried. This was all that was to be done, but I had a strong hunch that it might not be as easy as it sounded. As there was absolutely no trail of any kind, not even a game trail, by which to traverse country through which no white man certainly, and probably no Indian, had ever passed, it became a matter, not of going where we wished, but of going where it was possible to pass and take the ponies and the equipment with us.

THE MOMENT we left camp we entered thick brush. about head high, and in a few minutes we were all soaked to the skin. The water from the brush seemed to be wetter, colder, and more penetrating even than the rain from the skies. After four hours of unremitting labour, sometimes chopping a way through the brush for the ponies, sometimes halting the train while we searched for the thinnest brush, and at other times scrambling up and down, around and over old slides composed of rocks of every size from a football to a good-sized cottage, Habel decided that we had had enough for one day and when we broke out of the heavy brush into a tiny glade, with just enough grass for the ponies for one night, we camped. That evening, just as we were beginning to get moderately dry, at least in spots, our horses, apparently disgusted with the country, the weather, the scanty rations, and in fact with life in general, suddenly decided that they had had enough of it and, without any warning, hobbled as they were, started back along the way we had come, evidently not intending to stop until they found some place more to their liking. As soon as we could pull our boots on, we started after them and in a couple of minutes of running through

the brush were as wet again as ever. Even this did not seem to be sufficient for Wellman, the cook, who had followed along to help Fred and me to turn the ponies back. Running along the edge of the stream to try to get ahead of the horses, he slipped on a wet rock and fell into the river itself. The ponies being hobbled, we soon passed them and, entirely contrary to their wishes, drove them back to camp, picketing one or two of them as insurance against any more breakaways during the night. By this time we were all quite ready to go to bed and, after making up the fire and getting the worst of the wet dried off, rolled up in our blankets. By this time we were sufficiently inured to the circumstances in which we found ourselves that we paid little attention to them and went to bed wet and got up . . . well, damp . . . the only real difference being that we were generally cold when we retired and warm when we arose. Wellman, however, was so completely soaked by his adventure in the river that the Professor, out of the kindness of his heart, insisted on sharing his small stock of dry underwear with Frank.

During the night it turned much cooler and in the morning the higher crags of the ranges were plentifully besprinkled with snow, though at the valley level the rain still continued. Leaving camp at an early hour, we continued on up the valley, finding the brush not quite so dense nor the rock slides quite so difficult to negotiate. As a result we made better progress than at any time since leaving Emerald Lake. Only the previous night we had actually camped within sight of the spot at the foot of the Takakkaw Falls where we had camped the night before. About a mile from our last camp we passed a small lake, square in shape, but the Professor did not appear to be greatly interested in it; not even condescending to honour it with a name. However, not very long after our return and report of finding this lake, it was christened Lake Duchesnay, in honour of a prominent Canadian Pacific Railway official of that time. A mile or so farther up the valley we crossed a small stream at its confluence with the North Fork. At no great distance above this point the stream cascaded over a rock ledge in a beautiful waterfall. Not particularly noticeable for height, it was extremely picturesque and brightened up its surroundings so much that it was given the name of Laughing Falls. A short

distance beyond this creek we found another where the Professor was awaiting us. According to his usual custom, he had wandered off to find his own trail, it being impossible for him to get lost, and in this way he was able to take a number of photographs whenever the clouds and the light permitted him to do so. On this occasion he had reached this creek some time ahead of the rest of us and, as usual, had started to wade it. The creek, like all glacier fed creeks, was much deeper and faster during the daytime when the snow and ice melted, and it proved a little too much for Habel and nearly carried him down, so he wisely found the driest spot he could and sat down to wait for us. On our arrival we soon ferried him across and camped almost immediately.

After lunch I accompanied Professor Habel on a tour of exploration with the idea of laying out a probable route for the following day's journey. Though the weather could not by any means be termed ideal summer weather, it had improved somewhat and the Professor was able to take a number of excellent photographs of the surrounding country and make observations as to the location of various points which had hitherto been almost continuously hidden from us by the low-lying clouds.

NOT FAR from our camp we found that the river flowed for about three-quarters of a mile through a narrow gorge with precipitous sides which it would be impossible to cross. However, we noted that the terrain on the eastern side of the valley appeared to be much better adapted for travel than the side on which we were and which we had hitherto been compelled to follow. About a mile or so from our camp we suddenly broke out from rocks and brush into a charming little clearing covered with lush grass, a perfect overnight Paradise for ponies. This was evidently the remains of a very ancient rock slide which, in the course of many centuries, had accumulated considerable soil and become grassed over without the brush infringing on it. As we came into this open spot, from whence we could obtain a fairly comprehensive view in every direction, we were thrilled by a sight which made all the discomforts that we had undergone in reaching this point, all the soakings, all the struggle to circumvent brush and rocks, dwindle into insignificance. Almost due west of us and about half a mile distant, the foothills of the range ended in a precipice

of considerable height, and over this precipice plunged two streams, separated by a rock ridge only a few feet in width, forming a perfect twin fall which united in a basin at the bottom to flow out as the little river on which the Laughing Falls are situated lower down. It required no discussion to select a name for this wonderfully beautiful cascade. It named itself; Twin Falls it was called there and then, and so it appears on Habel's map of the Valley of the North Fork. In my wanderings up and down through the Canadian Rockies I have seen many beautiful waterfalls, many with a far greater volume of water or that inspired the onlooker with a greater sense of power and grandeur, but for simple, charming loveliness the Twin Falls will always be outstanding above all others in my memory. The sheer beauty of that double silver streak, flashing in the sunlight, with the sombre pines in serried ranks on either hand, must be seen to be appreciated; words are totally inadequate and even the brush of a gifted artist fails to reproduce the exquisite delicacy of the gleaming threads as they hurl themselves over the brow of the cliff to rebound from the rocks below in one rainbow tinted cloud of spray.

So this was the answer to the rumour we had heard in Field before setting out, that someone, scrambling around the lower slopes of Cathedral Mountain, claimed to have caught, high up on the mountain side, the glint of water far up this untrodden valley and thus given rise to the legend that there was another fall far beyond the Takakkaw. Had our little expedition produced no other result than to bring to the attention of the world this charming masterpiece of Nature, it would have been repaid a thousand times. For how many centuries had that cataract leaped and dashed, unknown, unseen, and since that long-ago summer's day how many have gazed with delight upon its ethereal beauty and departed unconsciously the better for having seen it.

IN CONNECTION WITH the opening of this area to the general public there occurred a very humorous incident, which, for all its humour, might easily have resulted in tragedy. When we returned to Banff, Tom Wilson was so impressed with the possibilities of this valley as a tourist attraction that he urged the Canadian Pacific Railway to put a carriage road into it and build a chalet for the accommodation of visitors. In a very few years this project was undertaken. When the contractors who were building the

carriage road arrived in the vicinity of the Twin Falls, they noticed that one of the streams was somewhat larger than the other and they conceived the idea of making the streams of equal magnitude by blasting some of the rock from the dividing ridge on the side of the smaller stream. They proceeded to put this plan into effect without notifying anyone of their intention, and in due time all was ready for the setting off of the blast. In so far as the rock ridge was concerned, the result was highly successful, but there was another entirely unexpected and unwished for result which horrified the would-be improvers on Nature. Instead of clearing and widening the channel, the rock thrown out by the explosion completely blocked it and the stream went over the cliff in one fall instead of two! Then, as friend Shakespeare has it, there were "alarums and excursions" and everybody was set to work to clear the channel again. Fortunately their efforts were successful and the falls were restored to their original condition, but thereafter there were no more attempts to assist Nature.

The following morning, as a result of our reconnaissance, we decided to try to continue our journey on the eastern bank. So as soon as we had broken camp and packed the ponies, we crossed the river and headed on up the valley. To our great relief we found the going very much better on this side. The interminable tangle of brush was almost entirely replaced by medium-sized spruce and pine through which the pack train made its way with comparative ease. Rock slides were almost non-existent and the few we did meet with were so old that they had flattened out to a great extent and the interstices had become filled in with gravel and soil. Also the rain had almost ceased, only showers of short duration marring the otherwise perfect day of warmth and sunshine. Under such ideal conditions we made fairly rapid progress, and after about four hours travel we emerged from the timber to find ourselves on a small grass-grown flat only a few yards from the foot of the Wapta glacier. Habel was nowhere in sight, but this was nothing extraordinary and, in any event, it would not be possible, or necessary, to take the pack train any further. We therefore halted and proceeded to establish a camp of sufficient permanence to make our stay in the vicinity of the icefield as comfortable as possible. Tents had been set up, everything made shipshape, and lunch just ready

when the Professor made his appearance. He had spent the morning higher up on the mountain slopes and had seen nothing of us. He was, however, delighted with the camp site and the situation generally and was quite ready to do full justice to the meal awaiting him.

The most prominent feature of the landscape as seen from our camp was, as may be imagined, the great Wapta Glacier. This, of recent years, has been re-named and is now known as the Yoho Glacier. At first sight the most noticeable point about the glacier, to me at least, was the huge ice cave in which it terminated. This was the first ice cave I had ever seen and I was deeply interested in it, so much so that immediately after lunch, there being nothing round camp requiring my attention, I walked over to it. I found the cave to be of considerable size; as nearly as I could estimate I judged it to be about 25 feet high at its mouth and from 30 to 35 feet in width. The cave penetrated the ice mass for some 50 to 60 feet, the roof sloping gently downwards and the sides gradually drawing inwards until at about the distance given, the cave came to an end. Between the bottom of the ice and the coarse gravel on which it rested rushed out the limpid stream which was the headwaters of the North Fork. Doubtless it had its source in an underground spring an indeterminable distance beneath the main glacier. Near the entrance the translucent blue-green ice reflected the sunlight in all its prismatic colours, but farther in the light rapidly diminished, and at the end of the cave the ice took on the appearance of highly polished jet. It is, I believe, an established fact that through practically every ice cave a wind of more or less intensity passes. I am not sufficiently versed in such matters to be able to state what is the cause of this wind, but it is certain that there was a comparatively strong breeze which apparently came out from under the ice and blew through the cave, although a short distance away from the cave it was not noticeable. Much as I enjoyed my visit to the ice cave, an experience I would not willingly have missed, a very few minutes sufficed for my inspection. Hot as it was only a few feet away in the sunshine, I do not think that I have ever experienced such a completely penetrating cold. I was chilled through and through in a very short space of time, and after my experience in that cave I could easily realize that the troubles of anyone unfortunate enough

to fall into a crevasse would soon be over unless a rescue was effected very speedily. On my return to camp everyone wanted to know what the cave was like and my description must have aroused their curiosity for they all found some excuse for visiting it. The verdict in all cases might be summed up . . . very beautiful, very interesting, very cold.

AS IS WELL KNOWN, the majority of glaciers are steadily receding, a very few are advancing, whereas icefields are extremely slow to change. Scientists inform us that the ice on the Columbia Icefield is probably hundreds of feet thick and that the field has not appreciably changed since the Second Ice Age. As an instance of the rapid recession of glaciers in some cases, it may be mentioned that ten years after the trip I am now describing I was again at the head of the Yoho (Wapta) valley. Not a vestige of the ice cave remained, and the foot of the glacier was fully a hundred feet farther from our camp ground than when I first saw it. Another case in point is the great Athabasca Glacier, an offshoot of the Columbia Icefield. In the days when pack trains travelled the North Fork of the Saskatchewan, that is in the 1890's and the early 1900's, we did not use the Sunwapta Pass, over which the motor road now passes, for the very good reason that it was completely ice covered. The Wilcox Pass, a mile farther east was the regular route. At the present time the nearest glacial ice to the motor highway is at least three hundred yards from the road. It is probably fortunate that Professor Habel obtained an excellent photograph of the glacier of which the ice cave is the predominating feature; otherwise any of my readers who have visited the Yoho Valley might doubt the veracity of my statements regarding the cave. However, I have a copy of this photograph which was published with the Professor's pamphlet on the trip.

DURING the night it turned extremely cold, probably the proximity of so large a body of ice having something to do with the drop in temperature, but the sky was bright and clear and Habel was anxious to proceed with the main object of his expedition, a reconnaissance of Mount Balfour. Immediately after breakfast, therefore, we prepared to spend the day on the icefield. On arriving at the foot of the glacier Fred and I began to wonder how we were going to get up the almost perpendicular 50-foot wall

of ice which had to be surmounted in order to reach the level surface of the glacier. But the Professor, wise from many years of mountaineering, was prepared for just such an emergency. He had brought with him a set of crampons, which are the regulation means for overcoming steep walls of ice. They consist of a steel plate, much like the plate of a hockey skate, rather thickly studded with sharp spikes similar to those used on linemen's climbing irons. These are strapped to the feet and one walks up an ice slope steeper than the roof of a house without any difficulty. The Professor went up first, threw his crampons down to me, and I, in turn, did the same for Fred. We then set out along the right, or north, bank of the glacier and after about three hours travel reached the highest point of the lateral moraine. From this point we came down a few feet on to the icefield itself. We found this covered with snow somewhat softened by the recent rains and the sun, and the Professor insisted that we be roped together. Fred and I looked at one another, commenting silently on this unnecessary precaution. Who could get into difficulty or danger on an almost level, wide-open expanse of snow and ice where one could see for miles in every direction? But Habel was the boss and he said "rope", so rope we did. The even surface of the icefield made for good travelling, so that after about five to six hours tramping, which included frequent stops to take photographs, we arrived at a point directly opposite Mount Balfour and here we halted for lunch. A more magnificent view than that which met our eyes would be difficult to imagine. In all directions mighty rock masses thrust their snowclad peaks upwards into the ethereal blue, while the majority of the intervening valleys were filled with age-old rivers of ice, tongues branching out from the parent field to end finally in the valleys far below. The mountains to the south of Lake Louise — Hungabee, Babel, Temple, Victoria, and Lefroy — were clearly visible, and with their snow caps glittering in the sunshine, formed a magnificent background. By this time the Professor had arrived at the conclusion that, unless our further investigations proved to the contrary, Balfour was even more inaccessible from this side than it was from the valley of the Bow. The rock faces were more precipitous and the hanging ice loomed up more formidably. Habel took picture after picture until he had almost exhausted his

supply of plates and still there were more, and yet more, wonderful scenes clamoring to be recorded.

On our journey over the icefield we had observed at different places that the snow crust had the appearance of being slightly spattered with blood, just as if someone had passed that way whose nose had been bleeding. These bloodlike spots were of quite frequent occurrence and we were much interested in them, so when we stopped for lunch we availed ourselves of the opportunity to make a closer inspection. As nearly as we could ascertain the spots were caused by innumerable minute insects, which we judged to be an extremely small type of spider. Without a magnifying glass it was impossible to tell exactly what they were, but they were certainly alive, for the spots were constantly on the move and the question which naturally forced itself upon us was, how did they get here and on what do they live? But our science was not equal to the occasion and the query had to remain unanswered.

After lunch we resumed our tramp to the northward, being again roped together. The Professor, having by far the greater experience in this kind of travel, led the way. I was allotted the rear position, so of course Fred was in the middle. We were proceeding along the snowfield very nicely, with a certain amount of slack in the rope, when, without the slightest warning, Fred suddenly disappeared. I just had a glimpse of him apparently sinking swiftly into the snow and, instinctively bracing myself with my ice axe, I gave vent to a tremendous yell. Instantly the professor's ice axe was buried deeply in the hard snow and then, bracing himself against the suddenly tightened rope, he turned to see what was wrong. Habel had probably only touched the edges of a very narrow crevasse bridged over with snow, but this was sufficient to loosen the snow, and when Fred came along and stepped squarely on the snow bridge, it immediately gave way beneath him and precipitated him into the frözen depths. There was not sufficient slack on the rope to allow him to go very far down, and by heaving on the rope in unison we soon had Fred where he could reach the edges of the crevasse with his fingers and then it was only a matter of a few seconds until he was safe on solid ice again. Though he had been in the crevasse only a very short time, he was completely chilled and remarked later that "a man would not last long in a place

of that kind." So easily can the most unexpected, and the most disastrous, events occur when one pits oneself against the forces of Nature without taking every precaution possible. After we had assured ourselves that Fred had received no serious injury, we crawled to the edge of the crevasse and looked down into those blue depths until the darkness became impenetrable and we could see no further. How far down the crevasse extended into the heart of the glacier we had no means of ascertaining, but lumps of ice and frozen snow thrown into the chasm bounded from side to side, with the ringing sound becoming fainter with each downward drop until it finally died away into the absolute silence of the grave. For the rest of the day Fred was unusually quiet, and my readers may be assured that there were no more covert smiles or ironical remarks as to the absurdity of being roped on an unbroken, level plain of ice or snow.

Recovering our equanimity after this narrow escape, we continued our journey until we reached a point from which it was possible to look over into the valley of Bear Creek (now known as the Mistaya) and here another glorious panorama of mountain, glacier, forest, and lake was extended before us. But the afternoon was rapidly waning and we were far from camp, so we reluctantly turned our back on these thrilling spectacles and hurried homeward where we arrived without any misadventure after fourteen delightful hours on the icefield, tired, but capable of doing full justice to the appetising meal which Frank had awaiting us.

THE HIGHEST POINT of the icefield was calculated by Habel to be 8,840 feet above sea level, or nearly 5,000 feet higher than the town of Field. Though it is many long years since that July day on the icefield, the memory of it lingers almost as freshly as though it were but yesterday. Mountains, lakes, rivers, forests, and even small glaciers were old acquaintances, but this wide expanse of prehistoric ice was something entirely novel and I was deeply interested. Also, not only was the icefield itself a constant source of wonder and pleasure, but the opportunities it afforded for wide range visions of some of the grandest scenery in the world made it especially enthralling. From an icefield the entire spectacle is in full view, the symmetry unbroken and the setting unmarred

by intervening mountain or forest. Here one is at a sufficient elevation to look directly at a scene, not at a steep angle as is the case when it is seen from a valley, nor is it foreshortened as happens when looking down from a mountain top. On all counts an icefield is the ideal location for the taking of long-distance photographs which really show the configuration of the terrain in a manner impossible to obtain from a lower or a less open standpoint.

The next day was taken rather easily. We occupied ourselves with exploration of the glaciers close at hand and the valleys into which they flowed. Later in the day we made preparations for the morrow's work which the Professor designed to be a mountain climbing excursion. Accordingly, on the morning of the 28th an early start was made and we commenced the ascent of the eastern slope of the valley. At an altitude of 7,170 feet the whole western slope of the North Fork Valley lay open before us, from the icefield to the final canyon from which the stream enters the Kicking Horse River. From this point another unexpected discovery was made. We found that still farther up Waterfall Creek, about a mile to the northwest of Twin Falls, there was yet another cataract. This last fall occurs not very far from the glacier in which the creek has its source.

From here we continued still higher, attaining at length what was actually an outlying rampart of Mount Balfour formed by a high ridge running out from the massif of the mountain. We had a perfect view of this magnificent mountain, and the Professor's stock of plates was soon depleted. The perpendicular walls of Balfour bore ample testimony to the tremendous difficulties that would be encountered by any party attempting the ascent from the valley of the North Fork. Separated from Mount Balfour by a small glacier stood another characteristic mountain, to all appearances equally inaccessible from this side and resembling to a remarkable extent a well-known mountain in the Norwegian valley of Romsdalen called Trolltinder. The Professor therefore gave the same name to this mountain. Curiously enough, this is the only mountain named by Habel which still retains the name he gave to it.

Ascending still farther, after a couple of hours we reached the summit of this battlement of Balfour. The elevation here was 9,370 feet above sea level and three-

quarters of a mile above our camp. Separating our position from the huge bulk of Balfour, whose tremendous precipitous walls frowned down on us in all their awe-inspiring majesty, was another small glacier. In fact, it appeared that wherever there was a depression in the higher regions of the range, small glaciers remained as mute evidence of that far-off day, as we mortals reckon time, when the whole valley, and probably many of the lower peaks, had been shrouded in ice of tremendous depth.

THE VIEW from this high altitude was stupendous, range after range appearing in seemingly endless succession crowned by many mighty peaks which reared their hoary heads far above the neighbouring terrain. To the North towered Mts. Collie, Olive, and Gordon, the guardians of the way to Bear Creek and the Saskatchewan River. Southward the vista extended down the valley of the Kicking Horse as far as the Ottertail Range, and even some of the peaks of the great Selkirk Range could be descried. To the East were the piles of Niles, Daly, and Balfour, while to the West the President and Vice-President Ranges completed the mighty circle. A grander or more magnificent sight the mind of man could not conceive, and it was with real reluctance that we started down toward camp, feeling that we had looked on a sight never before seen by civilized man and yet that we had really seen so little of the scenic wealth spread out before us. The descent to camp was speedy, and we arrived at our temporary home early in the evening, well satisfied with the day's achievements.

Over supper our chef reported that we were beginning to get rather low on supplies, so we proceeded to take stock of our resources and found that, unless we returned to Field at a much greater rate of speed than we had come out, we had barely enough left to take us back to civilization. In addition to this, the little flat on which our camp was set had been almost entirely eaten off by our cayuses and they were becoming dissatisfied and inclined to wander. So, much as we should have liked to continue our explorations, it was agreed that the morrow should see us taking the backward trail.

We had had three glorious days among the mountains and icefields, and there was yet much that we could have wished to investigate. As if to recompense us for the dis-

comfort we had experienced in reaching the icefield, the weatherman had been on his best behavior throughout our stay. Warm, balmy days with brilliant sunshine had added greatly to our enjoyment and had allowed us to do many things which, with a continuation of bad weather, would have been quite impossible.

On breaking camp the following morning, I decided to try keeping on the east bank of the creek as it was freer of brush and rock slides and held out promise of much better travelling. To our great pleasure this promise was fulfilled and we went along quite rapidly with only the ordinary happenings of the trail to think about until after some three hours travel an incident occurred sufficiently unusual that I thought it worthy of being recorded.

It is well known to guides and packers that ponies on the trail, once they have started out in a certain order, strongly resent the attempt of another cayuse to pass them. This is probably because they have learned that the nearer a horse is to the end of the procession the more likely he is to be pounded on the tail by the drag rider in his efforts to keep things moving at a good pace.

I had in my string a roan pony who was a persistent offender in this respect; he was constantly trying to pass the horse in front of him, and so he was always in trouble with the rest of the bunch. On this occasion we were travelling along a narrow, but fairly open, bench some thirty or forty feet above the level of the creek, and at a particularly narrow place Roanie undertook to go by the pony in front of him. Unfortunately for him, he tried to pass on the outside of the other pony, who, as soon as he was aware of what was going on, began to kick and bite at Roanie to prevent him from getting by. Roanie was caught off balance, and in trying to avoid the assault of his companion, went right over the bank. The little cliff was not quite perpendicular, but nearly so, and about half way down a large spruce tree was growing almost at right angles to the bank, and in his rapid tumble Roanie landed straddle of this tree, front legs on one side, hind legs on the other. There he hung kicking, but to no purpose as he had no foothold of any kind. Well, something had to be done, so I managed to scramble down the steep slope without falling to the bottom. Now I was like the man who had the bull by the tail — he had him, but he didn't

know what to do with him. I concluded that the first thing to do was to get the pack off. This, after a good deal of difficulty, I was able to do. Luckily there was nothing in the pack that could suffer much injury, so I let it drop the few remaining feet to solid ground. Then came the question of what to do with Roanie. He had to be got out of there somehow. At last an idea struck me. I tied the lash rope around the hocks of his hind legs and, bracing myself against the stout tree, I heaved with all my might. Gradually he slid forward a little at a time on the tree trunk until at last he overbalanced and went crashing to the bottom where he immediately picked himself up and began nonchalantly cropping what grass there was. I followed a little more carefully, repacked the little beggar and continued along until we reached a spot where we could get on the bench and rejoin the rest of the train.

Not a great deal farther down stream we reached a point opposite where Waterfall Creek enters the main river and here we found Habel awaiting us as he was uncertain which way we would take from there. It was necessary now to cross back to the west bank, for the country from this point to the Takakkaw Falls was even rougher than that over which we had travelled in coming up the valley. Also Fred informed us that, when hunting horses in the morning on our way up, he had noted a very suitable camping ground at the south end of Lake Duchesnay and where there was abundant overnight feed for the horses. We therefore made for this spot and found it to be all that Fred had claimed; in fact, it was the most comfortable and enjoyable camp of the entire trip. A cloudless summer's day was followed by an equally delightful evening, and we could not refrain from commenting on our present happy circumstances as compared to what we had had to put up with on the way in.

Starting very early the next morning, we backtracked until we reached our former camp (camp 3) opposite the Takakkaw Falls. The question now arose as to what route should be followed to return to Field. Should we go back the way we had come in or should we attempt to follow the canyon down to the Kicking Horse? This latter route, if feasible, would shorten the distance by more than half. So I finally decided that I would not try to take the cayuses up the steep, moss-covered slope until I had proved that it was

the only way out. Coming down was bad enough, but to attempt to drive pack-laden ponies up such a hill, where they would be plunging through all sorts of hidden dangers, was merely inviting disaster and possibly death to some poor cayuse. So we continued straight down the valley, finding the going decidedly tough, owing to rocky outcrops and a very considerable quantity of fallen timber. However, even with these obstructions, travelling was far better than what we had had to contend with on our road in.

Early in the afternoon we emerged into a wide clearing, evidently the path of snowslides for many years, and as we had no knowledge of what lay ahead of us, we camped here, hoping to be able to get through to Field on the following day. There was no water here as it was impossible to descend the steep sides of the canyon to the river and there was no creek nearer than the Takakkaw Falls, but there was plenty of good, clean snow remaining yet from some avalanche, and this served us well for our tea and coffee for supper and breakfast. Late in the afternoon a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the valley with very heavy rain. The almost continuous flashes of lightning playing among the crags of Mts. Stephen and Cathedral, with the lowering, black clouds in the background, made a most impressive spectacle, while the narrow confines of the valley intensified the roar of the thunder which echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak. After about two hours of this grand electrical display the storm cleared and a beautiful evening followed. After supper Frank, Fred, and I celebrated the prospect of our immediate return to civilization by collecting the dead timber, brought down by successive snowslides, which lay all around and building an enormous bonfire. Habel describes our bonfire as "as big as I ever saw."

We arose next morning to a moderately heavy rain, but we were used to that and as the clouds showed signs of breaking, we went on with our preparations for leaving the valley. Soon after eight o'clock the rain ceased, the sun shone out, and we said good-bye to what we hoped and expected, would be our last campground. Soon after starting we arrived at the foot of a steep, brush-covered slope leading up to the rim rock of the canyon of the North Fork. We negotiated this ascent without much difficulty and, leaving the brink of the canyon, we swung westward

to a sort of little pass between two high, wooded knolls. After a mile or more of this miniature pass we reached a steep downward slope, thickly covered with rocks and fallen timber lying in every possible direction. Taking plenty of time and allowing the cayuses to pick their own way to a great extent, we gradually worked down without any untoward occurrence, and five hours after leaving camp we suddenly found ourselves looking at the Kicking Horse, the railway and, in the distance, the town of Field. We had come through! A four-mile walk over the Kicking Horse flats brought us into Field, and the trip was over.

SO ENDED our little expedition which, starting out with a very simple objective, was to be productive of far greater results than any of us had any conception of at the time. Habel's sole purpose in attempting to enter the valley was to ascertain whether or not the ascent of Mount Balfour would be more likely to be successful than another assault made on the mountain from the Bow valley. The Professor was a mountaineer of very considerable ability, he was a scientist, but above all he was a statistician. When he was not considering mountain climbing possibilities, he was probably happy taking temperatures, ascertaining altitudes, or calculating the boiling point of water at different levels, and recording these matters. But he was totally indifferent as to whether anyone else ever came into the valley. Even the marvels by which he was surrounded did not create in him any high degree of enthusiasm, other than to photograph them as records of his journey. In his writings he dismisses the wonderful Twin Falls in less than three lines and goes on to record temperatures, times, and elevations. Once having made up his mind that he could not make use of the valley as a base for an attempt on Mount Balfour, he had no further interest in it other than the recording of his meteorological observations. In his writings and addresses he never attempted to arouse the slightest interest in the valley itself. I was the antithesis of this. In a valley like that of the North Fork, with its spires and turrets reaching to the clouds, its shimmering waterfalls, mighty precipices and, above all, its rivers of ice and the parent frozen sea from which they sprang, there was too much to attract my eye and to raise unending speculations in my mind for me to bother myself with inquiring whether to-night's campground was ten feet higher than last night's or not. The

rugged beauty and grandeur called to me in a compelling voice and I could willingly have spent days merely drinking in the glories which Nature had strewn with such lavish hand and then guarded so carefully through the ages.

My description of the valley and the wonders that it held aroused Tom Wilson's interest. He, in turn, sang the praises of the place to high Canadian Pacific Railway officials, giving it as his opinion that, if a road were opened into the valley and a lodge, similar to the one then existing at Emerald Lake, erected, the North Fork would prove as popular as the lake area. After due consideration the Railway Company adopted Wilson's ideas and a carriage road was constructed, followed shortly by the building of a lodge at the Takakkaw Falls. The Dominion Government joined in, the Yoho Park was extended to include the entire valley and the area between it and Emerald Lake. Gradually roads were improved, trails made and maintained, and such wild life as inhabited the country was protected. As a result, to-day the Yoho National Park, though small in extent, is one of the most popular in Canada. And thus our little expedition, quite unheralded and of interest to none but the few enthusiastic Alpinists who visited the Canadian Rockies in those far-off days, was ultimately to be the main cause of the addition of one of the brightest jewels to the chain of Canadian National Parks which afford relaxation, recreation, and delight to thousands on thousands annually

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CROSSING OF THE DOLOMITE PASS

IT was a hot summer afternoon of July, 1899. I had recently returned from a trip through the hills and was awaiting the next commission. Stretched out comfortably on a blanket in the shade of a big spruce close to the guides' cabin, just off what then passed for Main Street in Banff, the pipe going well, and a good book to browse in, I was enjoying life to the full and had no desire to be disturbed, at least until supper time.

To me enter Nemesis in the person of Tom Wilson. His arrival betokened trouble, and I was not left in doubt for long. Tom commenced hostilities thusly: "Ralph, I've got an outfit for you for the day after to-morrow, so you'd better go down to the pasture in the morning and get the horses in."

Comment was needless, so I merely enquired, "How many dudes are there?"

"There are four of them."

"Where are we going?" was my natural question.

"You're going over the Pipestone Pass, down the Siffleur to the Saskatchewan, up that to Bear Creek (now called the Mistaya River), and then up to the Bow Lake. They figure on doing some climbing round there."

Somehow I had a hunch that there was something more to come, and presently I got it, both barrels. "Ralph, there's one thing you'll have to look out for. This is a mixed outfit; there are two lawyers and two clergymen, so I wish that you'd consider their feelings and be a little guarded in your remarks to the cayuses when you're on the trail."

"Good heavens, Tom," I said. "You can't herd cayuses along a trail and get any place unless you talk to them, and they only understand two languages, Indian and profane, and I don't savvy enough Indian."

"Well, don't forget anyway," was Tom's parting warning.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! How was I to drive these ponies and address them only in unimpeachable English? However, I had a day or more to mull it over, and eventually I evolved a plan which would relieve my

feelings and perhaps convince the ponies that I had some idea of what it was all about. I made up my mind that when I went out in the mornings before breakfast to bring the ponies into camp for saddling, I would stand and tell them in good trail talk for about five minutes just what I thought of them, of their parentage, their peculiar manners, and anything else vituperative that I could think of. Then that would have to be the entire flow of invective for the day. This plan I religiously carried out to the letter all through the trip and, judging by results, it worked all right.

It had been arranged that the cook and I were to start out the following afternoon and make as many miles as possible on the 37-mile tote road to Laggan, which would be the actual starting point. The dudes would take the train the next day and we would all meet at Laggan.

SO NEXT MORNING I brought up the ponies from the pasture, much to their disgust, and at noon Tom brought over our cook and made us acquainted with each other. The cook was a quiet little chap named Wilfrid Beattie. He turned out to be a good cook and a good worker, in fact, he seemed to have only one fault; he certainly did hate to get up in the morning and I have a suspicion that he sometimes classed me with Simon Legree because I made him roll out about five o'clock every morning. Still, I had to turn out sooner than that, so he could not claim that I asked him to do what I did not do myself.

While we were packing up, our dudes came down from the hotel and we were introduced by Wilson. The party consisted of the Rev. C. L. Noyes, Rector of the Episcopal Church of Sommerville, near Boston; Rev. Harry P. Nicholls, Rector of the principal Episcopal Church in Chicago; Charles S. Thompson, attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad; and George M. Weed, a rising young Boston lawyer. Mr. Thompson I had met previously in 1896 when Philip Abbott unfortunately lost his life on Mt. Lefroy, but this was the first time I had met the other members of the party. Leaving Banff right after lunch, we stayed overnight at Hillsdale, 14 miles west of Banff, and the following evening pulled into Laggan.

Next morning, Saturday, July 30, we gathered up the balance of our supplies which had been sent ahead of us by train, and got busy assembling the packs and assigning them to the members of the six-horse pack train. I had

my own saddle mare and Wilson provided a horse for Wilfrid, but the dudes, mainly in order that they might get themselves into condition for mountain climbing, had elected to dispense with saddle horses and walk the entire journey. This method would have its advantages, no doubt, but it would also mean that whenever a river or a creek was to be forded, they would have to be ferried over, either riding behind me or perched in a precarious position on top of one of the packs.

While proceeding with the packing, the morning train arrived from Banff bringing our party. Accompanying them were Dr. Norman Collie, Professor Charles Fay, and Mr. R. H. Curtis, all well-known and experienced mountaineers. Dr. Collie, together with two other English gentlemen who were due to arrive in a day or two, was to follow in our footsteps to the Saskatchewan and proceed up the North Fork to explore the watershed between that river and the Sunwapta and Athabasca rivers. Professor Fay and Mr. Curtis were to make an immediate assault on Mount Balfour. Our objective was to do some climbing in the neighbourhood of the confluence of Bear Creek and the Saskatchewan. and later, if time permitted, as Mr. Thompson had to be back in his office by a certain date, to try some of the peaks around Bow Lake. This was my first meeting with Professor Fay, though by no means the last, and I also had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Collie, with whom I had other pleasant meetings at a later date.

MY PARTY had decided that, as the first day's trail led through burnt timber and the going would be slow, they would spend the day around Lake Louise and catch up with the pack train the following evening. I warned them that we should go quite a long way in a day and a half and that they might have difficulty in finding their way through the brûlé, but they were quite confident that they could catch up with us all right, so we started.

Half a mile or so north of Laggan station there is a long, low, thickly timbered rock ridge. A little to the east of the station the Pipestone River has gouged out a deep canyon with precipitous walls, making it necessary to cross the ridge in order to hit the Pipestone above the canyon. In the old days there was a good trail, but a few years previous to the time of which I write the ridge had been fireswept and this had occurred just long enough before

for the spindly, dead pines to fall at the least provocation. The trail had been obliterated and the ridge was covered with long, slender poles lying on top of one another in every direction. I had been through this brûlé on two or three occasions previously and so had a general idea of where the easiest way through was to be found. But every day saw more poles added to those already down and no definite route could be assured. Fortunately for us we got through without too much trouble, though we had constantly either to go round fresh fallen timber or cut a way through it, and by the time we reached the river it was time to camp for the night. We got away to an early start in the morning as I wanted to get as far up the Pipestone as I could before making camp. Everything went smoothly throughout the day and the pack train made good time. Well on in the afternoon we passed the entrance to the valley of the Little Pipestone, a small tributary of the main stream and well known at that time as the abode of a huge grizzly. Just beyond the junction of the rivers we emerged from the green timber through which we had hitherto been travelling and, crossing the creek, stopped on an open, level flat. Close to water, with plenty of good grazing for the cayuses, and firewood not far away, it was an ideal camping spot.

Wilfrid helped me get the two tents set up, one for the dudes and one for ourselves and our equipment, and then set about preparing supper while I busied myself making camp and doing the thousand and one little jobs which that entails. By the time I had finished and the ponies were turned out, upstream, for the night, supper was ready, and still no sign of our party. We waited a little while, and then decided that there was no sense in our going hungry as well as the absentees. Wilf set supper for the others to keep warm and we proceeded to fill up the hollows, but when we had finished and still no one had arrived, I really began to wonder what could have happened. I decided that I would go back on the trail and try to find some sign of them before it got too dark to move in the timber. However, just as I was preparing to cross the creek, I was relieved to hear a shout from the far side, so I took over a couple of horses, and the lost ones were soon in camp, making serious inroads on Beattie's provender.

When they began to feel a little less hungry, they found time to talk. They told me that they had almost regretted that they had not taken my advice and come with us yesterday morning. Though their day at Lake Louise had been a delightful one, they had been longer getting over the ridge than they anticipated. Then, too, the pack train had made a good deal more headway than they had thought it would, so much so that they began to think that they had overrun some place where we had turned off the trail to make camp. When daylight began to fade in the heavy timber, they were undecided whether to turn back before it got too dark and try to find where we had turned off or resign themselves to the prospect of spending the few hours of darkness supperless under the trees. Fortunately, they agreed to go ahead as long as they could see to travel, and they were rewarded for their perseverance, for in a few moments Thompson caught the glimmer of the campfire through the trees. However, all's well that ends well, and soon, refreshed and rested, we settled down to discuss the plans for the trip and began to get acquainted with each other.

IT did not take long for me to discover what manner of men I was to be associated with for the next two or three weeks. I have travelled with "all sorts and conditions of men," but I have never met four finer men than these into whose company I had been pitchforked. They were kind, considerate, unselfish, loyal, courteous, with not the slightest hint of the positions of employer and employee. There is just one word that conveys to one's mind their type of men; they were "gentle-men". There is an old saying used to describe a person of outstanding character that when "God made him He broke the mould", thus signifying that there were no others quite his equal; if this be so, in the present instance He broke four moulds. Through the story of this little expedition I shall have occasion to adduce evidence in support of what may appear as a sweeping statement.

Soon drowsiness became too strong to go unheeded and before long the only sounds to be heard around the camp were the gentle tinkle of the lead-mare's bell, the strident hoot of a questing owl, or, "tell it not in Gath" . . . the occasional snore of a weary sleeper!

Monday morning dawned with a cloudless sky and the promise of a glorious day. Immediately after leaving the

little flat on which our camp was pitched, we had to ford the Pipestone, so, before starting to pack the ponies, the party was ferried over and there, perched comfortably on a small knoll, they possessed their souls in patience for nearly an hour while we packed. However, in due course everything got under way and for the first time we all travelled together. As we proceeded north towards the pass, we observed that the valley was getting narrower, the mountains closing in on either side and the heavy timber on the slopes thinning somewhat. To the west of us rose the castellated walls of Mts. Hector and Molar with their innumerable spires and towers, but our view of them was greatly restricted because we were travelling almost directly beneath them and when we endeavoured to look up, the view of these peaks, and of others equally worthy of attention, was blocked by the dense forests which clothed the lower slopes. If the Pipestone were anywhere but where it is, it would be regarded as a very beautiful valley, but it suffers greatly on account of the nearness of Lake Louise. For pack trains it is within such a short distance of the lake that no one wishes to waste time exploring the valley so close to the starting-out point, while it is altogether too large an area to be visited in a one-day excursion from Laggan. Nevertheless the Pipestone valley, though not amazing or spectacular, as is the valley of the Yoho, for instance, is a very charming place. It is bordered by splendid mountains which are worthy of the skill of the accomplished Alpinist, while there were also many points from which magnificent views, especially to the south, are to be seen and which are quite easily accessible to the layman. We soon noticed that the valley floor was taking on a decidedly up-grade trend, though the rise was so gradual that it presented no difficulty whatever.

Making no stop, we came, shortly after noon, to the last camping ground in the valley. From this point the trail rises very sharply to the Pipestone Pass and there is no further camping place until one is well down the Siffleur River on the northern slope of the divide.

After lunch, with almost the entire afternoon and evening before us, we decided to accept Mr. Nicholls' suggestion that we climb the bluff on the west side which directly faced our campsite. Accordingly all the party except the cook, who always has plenty of work to occupy

him when in camp, started up. Each man picking his own road, we soon became separated, and after a little while I found myself alone. After about a hour's climbing, I came out on top of the bench and at once was thoroughly repaid for the exertion I had expended in reaching the spot. For a distance of about a mile the whole summit of the bluff was a beautiful Alpine meadow. It appeared to be as level as a billiard table, and was completely carpeted with lush grass, liberally sprinkled with many varieties of Alpine flowers, and encircled by stately pines. It seemed as if some greater gardener had just completed his masterpiece and left it in solitary grandeur for the world some day to discover and appreciate. In the background rose the towering outposts of Mt. Molar, and these added to the semblance of carefully guarded seclusion which was the dominant feature of the landscape. But a totally unexpected surprise was awaiting me, for, as I walked leisurely over the meadow enjoying the beauty by which I was surrounded, I suddenly spotted, at the far end of the alp, a family of three moose, consisting of a very fine bull, a cow, and a yearling calf. What they were doing there, or how they got there, I do not know. It was certainly as far from being typical moose country as it could be, no swamp, no water or water plants, not even any green brush twigs for browsing; but there was I and there were they and after a prolonged inspection we both agreed that the other harboured no ill intentions and we went our several ways; I starting on my way back to camp, and the moose family continuing their stroll across the alpine meadow.

Soon after I reached camp, the other members of the party appeared one by one. They had evidently gone considerably higher than I had, for they had been able to look over the treetops and reported having seen another beautiful alpine meadow lying between a snowfield and a peaceful, little blue lake. This alp, according to their report, extended for a considerable distance and, in fact, turned out to be directly connected with the Pass itself.

ON TUESDAY MORNING, as soon as we left camp, we were ascending rapidly to the level of the alpine pastures seen the afternoon of the previous day. The rise from the valley floor to the commencement of the Pipestone Pass proper is exceedingly steep. Indeed, with the exception of the climb from the North Fork of the Saskatchewan to

the Wilcox Pass, I know of no other grade that is ever travelled by pack trains in the mountains that is quite so steep. This was very strenuous work for the cayuses. As we had been out only two days, the loads had not yet begun to diminish appreciably, but the tough, gritty little fellows stuck to the job manfully, surging upwards until they ran out of breath, and then resting with heaving sides until they were ready for another uphill plunge. Of course no attempt was made to drive them, for they were just as anxious to get it over with as we were for them to do so, and they had far too much sense to try to leave the trail, knowing well that there was the best footing. At length, however, the final frantic struggle was made, and men and horses, both somewhat winded, stood on the almost level surface of the commencement of the pass, a broad and open region.

We now realized that what we had seen the day before was but a prophecy of what we now beheld. As far as the eye could follow, alp after alp stretched away in a seemingly interminable chain. Not a tree grew in these broad fields for many miles, but on every side and beneath our feet Alpine flowers of every conceivable variety grew in the most beautiful and abundant profusion. At the outset we endeavoured to avoid stepping on them, so much did their beauty appeal to us, but they carpeted the alps so thickly we had to relinquish the idea as a total impossibility. It seemed like desecration to trample under foot the lovely little forget-me-nots with their friendly, blue blooms. It is noteworthy that as one ascends into higher altitudes, the brilliancy and gaudiness of the hues of the mountain flowers found at lower levels diminish. No longer are the rich scarlets and carmines, or the deep blues of midnight to be found. Instead the tints gradually grow paler, until at the height to which we had attained, well over 7,000 feet, the deepest hues are the ethereal blue and lavender of the pretty forget-me-nots and the seashell pink of some of the orchids. By the time the snowline is reached, almost all colour has disappeared, the only tints to be seen being the palest pinks and blues and yellows, so thinned as to be only a cream colour. But at our elevation we could enjoy to the utmost the wealth of beauty by which we were surrounded. Noyes and Nicholls, expert botanists, told us the names of new-found treasures, but to the rest of us the name was immaterial; the delicate colour and fragrance of

these alpine beauties was all-sufficient. Our Wilfrid seemed to take more sheer joy from the floral display than any of the rest of the party. As he came to each new clump, he would stoop and gather one or two blossoms, until his hands were full to overflowing and he could carry no more. But he was not to be beaten; he began to decorate his hat and soon that battered old relic lost all semblance of its original condition and resembled nothing so much as a walking bouquet. Still our chef remained unsatisfied. Unable to pile more upon his person, he commenced on his saddle horse and tied flowers wherever there was anything to tie to. Then he passed on to the next cayuse, and so continued until at last, had a stranger suddenly joined us, he might have been excused for thinking that the Garden of Eden was changing its location.

ONE of the most noticeable features in connection with this lavish display was the extremely short duration of its existence. I knew, by experience gained on earlier visits to the headwaters of the Siffleur, that the snow lay on the pass to a considerable depth until well on in June, while by the end of September one was likely to find anywhere from one to three feet of snow. From observation of other high passes I believe that in bad years the snow may last throughout the entire summer. But notwithstanding this, these brave plants and flowers appear above ground, arrive at maturity, bloom and fade away, all in the short space of not more than three months at best.

But now, after some miles, we were approaching the highest point of the pass and the party were all eager to get their first glimpse of what was for them a terra incognita. Gradually the alpine meadows became dotted with patches of bare rock and these patches increased both in number and extent as we went northward until, by the time we attained the highest elevation, the alps had altogether disappeared. We were now passing over an area of rough gravel and rock leading to the height of land, and at length we stepped on snow that still lay, even at this late date, on the very summit of Pipestone Pass, and from this grand viewpoint we looked over into the wild and rugged valley of the Siffleur River. Mountain succeeded mountain and peak marched with peak as far as we could see, without any appreciable break. The mountains on our left, that is, to the west and forming a part of the Great Divide, were

rougher and more menacing in aspect than those along whose base we had hitherto been travelling. It was at once evident that a half-formed idea, namely that if we were too hardly pressed for time, we might cut across, through some gap in the range and enter the valley of either the Bow or Bear Creek, was quite impossible of accomplishment. But so far we were well up on our schedule and there was no need of attempting to make awkward detours.

We halted for a hasty lunch, with welcome coffee made on Thompson's lamp, on the top of the pass, at an elevation of about 8,100 feet. This Pipestone Pass is considerably the highest pass used by any travellers in the Canadian Rockies. There can be no doubt that in some years it is quite impassible for horses and only to be crossed by men on skis or snowshoes. Our party was fortunate in that we crossed the pass on an almost windless day, a rarity at that altitude, where a fairly stiff northwest breeze blows almost continuously and rises at times to the proportions of a gale. This pass also represents the greatest distance between camping grounds to be found in the Rockies, for once the shelter of the Pipestone valley has been left, there is no spot suitable for a camp for about thirteen miles. There is no shelter, no place to pitch tents, no water (other than snow water), no firewood, or feed for cayuses. Even the Indians, when they were permitted in the olden days to leave their reservation for the spring and fall hunts, fought shy of crossing the Pipestone Pass on their way to the Saskatchewan and the Sunwapta and used the lower and easier divide between the Bow and Bear Creek valleys.

STARTING AGAIN on account of the ponies who were standing round, packed and looking for the very occasional mouthful of grass, we continued our journey over the barren rocks at the head of the Siffleur. This northern side of the pass was a complete change from the terrain we had crossed in the morning, and for several miles ahead of us not a tree broke the level horizon of the rocky highland. Slowly descending, we passed a very small lake, probably the headwaters of the Siffleur, whereon, rather to our surprise, a number of ducks were quietly feeding. Apparently they had no knowledge of mankind for they made no effort to fly, flatly ignored us, and were only induced to move into a better position for a photograph by frantic waving of arms and shouts from the entire party.

Enclosed on both east and west by escarpments of bare rock, and with the same unyielding surface beneath our feet, slowly, very slowly, the pass began to descend towards lower levels. Once in a long while a patch of tough-fibred moss clung to the side of a stone and a little farther on an occasional clump of brittle grass, which did not even interest the cayuses, made its appearance. After some miles of this type of ground we came upon one of the strangest sights that could be imagined; indeed it had to be seen to be believed. We now entered an area dotted here and there with trees; but what trees! In the first place they grew out of quite bare rock; evidently seeds had been either blown there or carried there by birds and had settled in the crannies and crevices of the rocks. These were large trees, or they should have been. Where the trunk emerged from the rock, they were from 9 to 12 inches in diameter, large enough for trees 40 to 70 feet high, but nowhere did they exceed a height of three feet. In that short length an average thickness of 9 inches had dwindled to a needle point. The bark was fairly thick and very coarse and hard, but perhaps the most noticeable feature of these remarkable trees was their branches. On the northern, or weather, side of the firs, there was not the slightest sign of any branches; on the side looking southward two or three tough, gnarled branches stood out to struggle for existence. These branches would be about 3 inches thick where they issued from the parent stem; after about 2 feet, or at most 30 inches, they came to an end. If anything had been needed to impress upon us the severity of the weather prevailing at this altitude for some ten months of the year, these trees supplied incontestable proof of it. After photographing them from all angles, we continued on our way and by degrees the growths, though stunted, were more natural.

All at once we found that we were walking on something like a trail, apparently arrived from nowhere. A tiny rivulet appeared, most likely via an underground channel from the little lake we had recently passed; another joined it from the mountainside on our right, and we were now travelling down the east bank of the Siffleur. I might mention here that this river gets its name from the large colonies of whistling marmots which dwell in the holes and interstices of the high rocks. Almost at once we entered fairly open green timber where there was an excellent

camping ground but, as the sun was still high in the heavens, and knowing that my party wished to make all the distance possible, I foolishly decided to go a little farther. I fully expected to find another good camp site within a mile or so, but we soon passed out of the tall, green timber into a muskeg area. The farther we went, the worse it got, and now it was high time to stop and relieve the cayuses of their loads, for they had been already travelling considerably more than the standard five hour day, so at length I halted to try to find a decent spot for our night's lodging. A small flat knoll, a little way up the hillside from the trail, caught my eye. On investigation it proved to offer a very comfortable resting place. As Weed put it in his report to the Appalachian Club. "Water seemed to pour from the ground at every turn and every tuft of grass was a sponge, but Edwards had discovered the one dry spot in acres of bog and the island furnished room enough for kitchen and bedrooms, but none to spare."

WEDNESDAY MORNING we followed the usual routine — breakfast, pack up, and hit the trail. Nothing out of the ordinary occurred, and there was no forewarning of the events that would occur before we again pitched our tents or that history would be in the making. Not long after we left our island refuge, we passed out of the swamp area and again entered a fine stand of fair-sized green timber. The trail by now was quite well-defined and we advanced at a steady pace, following the level of the first bench above the river which flowed on our left hand. After some two hours travel, the trail dipped sharply down the bank slope and came out on a large, open, gravel flat. On the farther side of the Siffleur we saw a river somewhat larger than the Siffleur joining its waters with those of the latter. Instantly, of course, the question arose, was this the Saskatchewan? The dudes were of the opinion that it was. Possibly the wish was father to the thought, for if this were the Saskatchewan, there would be plenty of time for the exploration and climbing they wished to undertake. But I felt certain that this could not be the Saskatchewan, and gave my reasons for my belief. First, the river was not nearly as large as I believed the Saskatchewan must be some 40 miles from its source; secondly, I was convinced that we had not travelled far enough down the Siffleur to have reached the Saskatchewan; and finally,

it was not flowing in the right direction. According to the crude maps of those days, which were often inaccurate, the river should have been flowing a little south of east, instead of which it was flowing slightly east of north. Thompson could hardly believe his compass. When I had stated my reasons for not agreeing that this could be the Saskatchewan, I was asked the one question I could not answer. Would I state definitely that this was not the Saskatchewan? I had to admit that I could not, that it was new country to me, and that I had never seen the Saskatchewan this far in the mountains.

But as we debated, a storm was rapidly approaching up the valley, so we hurried to get the packs off, a tent up, and a fire started for cooking lunch. Then as the torrential rain beat down on the tent, my dudes threshed out the matter. If this river were the Saskatchewan, we should of course ascend it. Again, if the Saskatchewan were still away to the north, could the time be afforded to reach it if any climbing was to be done and Thompson still get back to his office in time to save his reputation? And finally, there was the possibility that this stream, if it were not the Saskatchewan, might lead us to a short cut into either the Bow valley or that of Bear Creek. I still maintained that it could not be the Saskatchewan, but they were four to one; it was their pigeon, and if they wanted to go that way, who was I to say them nay. It was decided that, Saskatchewan or not, we would explore this stream and discover whither it led. So after lunch, the storm having passed on, I ferried the party across the Siffleur and we started up what, for want of a better name, we called "our stream". It proved to be a typical, glacier-fed, mountain torrent. It was moderately shallow, swift-running, dirty (as are all glacial streams, especially on warm afternoons), turbulent, battling at every yard the rocks with which its bed was thickly strewn, and full of the drift brought from the bed of many a glacier. Above it on either side rose steep walls enclosing the valley as peak followed peak in unbroken succession, the dun colouring of the limestone and dolomitic rocks relieved by the green of the heavily timbered slopes and the shimmering whiteness of snow held in deep coulees or of miniature icefields and hanging glaciers.

By this time the trail, which even at the very outset had been dim, and had shown little sign of use, had faded

out altogether and the dudes were beginning to realize that this could not be the Saskatchewan, as it was known to be a much-travelled river, being indeed the main road north for hunting parties, whether Indian or white. As the afternoon wore away, our view up the valley was extensive, but closed at the farther end by a large glacier. We now began to look for a suitable spot on which to camp, as the sun was passing behind the hills and the ponies had had another overlong day. Fortune was with us, however, for as we emerged from the timber we came out on the shores of a long, green lake with a good deal of level, open country surrounding it and an abundance of horse feed. Camp was pitched and we were soon sitting at our supper discussing the events of the day. Thompson suggested a name for this body of water which we had discovered and it was duly christened Lake Isabella, in honour of an aunt of one of the members of the party.

ON THURSDAY MORNING, while Wilfrid and I packed up, Noyes and Thompson took numerous photographs of the scenes of beauty that our valley afforded. One of the most striking of these was Mount Silverhorn, so called because of its needle-like peak which emerged from the glittering whiteness of a field of snow. To the left of Silverhorn a long ridge of rock ran down to the valley, ending in the gateway through which the river made its way from the upper reaches and through which a lovely hanging glacier crept into the valley. We were soon on our way up the creek, heading directly for this hanging glacier, which always bore the same aspect whether viewed from the rocks high above or from the gravelly bed of the river. Always it resembled a great torrent, pouring in whitest foam through this portal of the mountains, whose onward rush had by some magic spell, been halted in full career and held thus as the years passed by.

As if we were not already puzzled enough as to where we were headed, a new factor now entered into the situation to add still further confusion. Hitherto we had been travelling south with a slight trend to the west, which was bad enough, but now the valley turned as if to escape the glacier and headed us almost due south-east. This was certainly a poser and, though I was careful not to allow the slightest sign of it appear, I was really quite worried. Not that there was danger of any mishap's occurring, and it

would always be a simple matter to turn about and back-track the way we had come in. But the party was so pressed for time that every day counted, and to return on our tracks and enter the Bow valley some other way would certainly not allow even an hour for climbing, and thus the main object of the trip would be defeated. My dudes had shown themselves to be such splendid people that I was anxious for their little expedition to be an unqualified success and was prepared to go to any lengths to make it so. The one thing of which I was afraid was that the valley would pinch out suddenly in a cul-de-sac closed by unscaleable rock walls, or it would end in a high col leading over to the valley of either the Bow or the Pipestone (and at the moment the latter seemed the more probable) but impossible for the cayuses by reason of snow or ice. I kept my fingers crossed and said nothing. The party talked over their chances among themselves, buoying up their spirits with the hope that this innocent-looking, but unpredictable, valley would eventually lead us either into the valley of the Bow or even Bear Creek. If only this hope would materialize, it would compensate for everything else; if this were achieved, we should have come through a new pass, for it was evident that no pack train had ever passed this way and probably no human beings either, and this would be considered only a slightly less achievement than the climbing of a new peak.

Our river now became smaller, for we had passed its confluence with the stream from the hanging glacier. The views before us up the ravine (the valley had so narrowed that now it really was no more than a ravine) were beautiful and striking. The little river lay like a ribbon in the sunlight, and a rugged, snow-capped mountain in the distance seemed to block the way. Afternoon was drawing on and as it seemed that the valley narrowed every yard that we advanced, I thought it wise to camp at the first spot which satisfied our requirements. On a long flat, lying at the base of a mountain, we found an ideal camp ground and in short order tents were up, a cheerful cooking fire blazing, and the ponies picketed out. During the day the members of the party, being able to travel on foot faster than the ponies, had done a good deal of scrambling up and down the mountainsides, and Noyes and Weed had climbed almost above timber line, thus obtaining a reason-

ably good view of the valley, and they noted many deep ravines and ugly slopes of bare rock. In a V between a mountain and a low hill they had seen far ahead an impassable escarpment crowned with ice and snow, thus confirming what I had remarked as we came up the valley. However, just as the waning day warned them that it was time to find the pack train and supper, they saw the westering sun shining through what appeared to be a rift in the range. This cheered them greatly, for it seemed as if there might be some chance of breaking through into one of the valleys to the west. Still it was not wise to be too optimistic, for all sorts of things could happen. We might never be able to get to the supposed gap; if we did, we might not be able to get through it, and also it might not be possible to descend on the western side. But they felt a little better and rejoined us at camp in quite a cheery mood.

After supper a council of war was held and the question of what ought to be done was discussed from every angle. At last one of the party put the question flatly to me, "Have you any idea where we are?"

I replied, "I know perfectly well where we are; we are between the valley of the Pipestone and the Bow. What I do not know is, where we are going to come out."

"Well, what do you consider the best thing to do?"

I said, "Listen, gentlemen, if you can make the valley of the Bow somewhere north of Hector Lake in two days, you will be one or two days ahead of your scheduled time. I propose that you remain here with the outfit over to-morrow, climb one of these mountains, or do anything you like, and I will go on up the valley and I won't come back until I know where we can get through. If, by any evil chance, we are stuck, the sooner we know it the better."

Mr. Noyes, who was the acknowledged leader of the party, said, "Ralph, you've got the right idea. We will follow that plan and we know that you will do the best for us that is possible." And so we left it at that and were soon all happily asleep on our spruce beds.

WE had breakfast extra early on the Friday morning so that I might have plenty of time for my reconnoitring trip. Over the meal Noyes posted me regarding the party's intentions for the day. While climbing on the slopes above the valley the previous day, they had observed close at

hand an attractive looking mountain of considerable height to which they had given the name of Observation Peak. This mountain did not seem to present any great difficulty, at any rate to experienced mountaineers such as composed our party, and they had decided to spend the day in making the ascent. Thus, no matter what might befall later on, they would have the satisfaction of making at least one new peak, even if it were not a very formidable one or a giant in elevation.

Breakfast over, I was making my few preparations for departure on my voyage of exploration when, without any fuss, Weed quietly stated that he was coming with me. He said he did not like to see one man going alone on a trip where anything could happen and he added that it would be "a long, lonesome day for Ralph." Naturally I made no opposition to this proposal; indeed, I was more than delighted to have his company. Weed was considerably the youngest of the group, very little older than myself, and though a very quiet sort of chap, who preferred to listen rather than to talk, he was a charming and interesting companion. It was characteristic of the man that he should, entirely of his own volition, relinquish the opportunity of a day's enjoyment with his friends just because he did not like to see me go off on an all-day scout unaccompanied. With his usual modesty, he makes no mention of this extra trip, and in his address to the Appalachian Club he merely says. "Friday was given over to the ascent of Mt. Observation," just as if he had gone with the rest of his friends.

Off we started and within two hundred yards of our camp we found ourselves confronted by a tremendous rock-slide. It started right in the creek itself and ran up to bare perpendicular rock well up towards the summit of the mountain and was composed of rocks of all sizes, from the size of a man's fist up to that of a fair-sized cottage. It did not appear to be a very old slide, as mountains reckon age, for the rocks were not mossgrown and the interstices between the rocks had not begun to fill up with soil and debris, nor was there any kind of plant or tree growing on it. It was plainly a case of going across the slide, for it was impossible to go around it, either above or below, and the farther side of the creek was equally impassable for ponies, the banks being almost precipitous, though of no

great height. When we had clambered to the top of this jumble of stone, we stopped to look the situation over. Weed was plainly taken aback at the idea of trying to get horses over this mess. It seemed as though it were inevitable that they must break their legs or their necks. I told him that Indian ponies could go almost anywhere, but admitted this was bad. I had gone over some awkward slides in the Yoho, but this was the worst yet. However, we had to cross it or turn back, and maybe we could get over with not more than one cayuse having to be shot. Before moving on, we sized up the conditions pretty thoroughly, but it was hopeless to attempt to plot a trail for the ponies to follow. They would just have to pick their way and trust to Providence. Crossing the slide, we came down again to creek level and found fairly good going for some distance. There was quite a bit of brush, but it was not so thick that it could not be gone either over or through, and there were occasional clear spaces where we could go right along.

But presently we found ourselves facing problem number two. This was a small box canyon which extended up the valley for perhaps half a mile. The walls were perpendicular, but not very high, probably not more than from 30 to 50 feet. The canyon was quite narrow and the creek bed was so littered with gouged-out holes and scattered rocks, that there was no question of trying to take the horses through it, apart from the consideration that most likely there would be a waterfall at the upper end, as indeed proved to be the case. Our only road, then, lay along the rim of the canyon on one side or the other. Inspection proved that we should not be able to get the ponies to the top of the canyon on the side on which we were, that is the eastern side, for the rock walls ended abruptly and offered no foothold for horses, so we waded the creek and investigated the other wall. This turned out to be more hopeful, for the terminal rocks, though steep, were climbable. It was going to be a hard pull for the horses and we might even have to unpack one or two of them and pull the loads up with lash ropes, but we figured that we could make it without accident. Once on top of the canyon, there was a really good road provided by the rim rock. This was quite wide enough for the pack train to travel on before the bench rose upwards again towards the foothills of the range on the west. Also the way was almost level and

clear of obstructions. A pleasant surprise awaited us here at the upper end of the canyon for the valley here was the same level as the rim rock so that there would be no need to find a method of getting down. The creek entered the canyon over a sparkling cascade, proving that our surmise had been correct. The valley itself was entirely different to that portion which we had been travelling over since leaving the Siffleur. We were now in an open, treeless valley through which the stream wandered at its own sweet will with no rock walls to confine it. The centre part of the valley was almost level and of considerable width. It then rose gently, the foothills seemingly having been ironed out, and finally merged imperceptibly with the lower slopes of the mountain. There could be little doubt that centuries ago, this part of the valley had held an enormous glacier and that later on it had become a lake bed, and the outlet had at length cut a way through the rock to the east and created the waterfall and the canyon. With the exception of a few patches of muskeg, which could easily be avoided by taking to a little higher ground, the valley presented no difficulty whatever to the passage of the pack train for some miles, and we quickened our pace in our anxiety to find what the head of the valley might offer in the way of an outlet.

I must admit, however, that the nearer we came to the head of the valley the less I liked the look of it. It terminated in a semi-circular range which appeared to join the ranges on either side and in which there was no break to be seen with the exception of a high col, plentifully sprinkled with snow and ice, at the south-east corner of the valley. From its location there could be no question that this col looked over into the Pipestone valley, probably at the point where the little creek from Mt. Molar joined the main stream. But even had we wished to find a short cut to Mt. Molar, this col was far too high and rough to be of any use to us. Weed and I had decided some time previously that we must have passed the opening which he and Noyes had viewed the previous day and that also had proved a false hope. Still, we went on, feeling that somewhere there must be an available outlet, though that feeling was beginning to waver, for the farther we went the less likely it seemed that there was any gap on the northern side of the valley. As we went along, Weed had,



MOUNTAIN SUMMIT CAIRN COURTESY HARMON'S DRUG STORE



TOM WILSON



THROWING THE HITCH



TRAVERSING A GLACIER COURTESY HARMON'S DRUG STORE



FORDING A CREEK

COURTESY HARMON'S DRUG STORE



RALPH EDWARDS THE AUTHOR

as usual been noting the different varieties of plants that grew in this high valley, and just at this point he observed some plant a little way off which was strange to him and walked over for a closer inspection. As we had settled that we would eat our lunch in a few minutes, I kept on going, but I had not gone more than a hundred yards when, to my great delight the very break that we had been wishing and looking for suddenly was there before my eyes. It was invisible until one was almost in front of it, for the gentle slope I have previously mentioned followed its usual upward trend for perhaps 150 feet and then flattened out and, behold, there was no mountain behind. I was overjoyed to be assured that at least we were going to get out of this valley, unless some totally unsuspected obstacle further ahead should prove impassable. I gave such a yell of triumph that Weed was startled and came running to see what was wrong, and of course he was more than delighted with the improvement in our prospects.

The gap lay at right angles to the valley on the northern side and was anywhere from a quarter to a half a mile in width. There was no more thought of lunch until we had ascended the slope and entered on the pass itself. We walked up and shortly found ourselves on the highest point of a pass running almost directly north into what appeared to be quite open country. The pass was actually a beautiful, almost level alpine meadow, and to our left lay a lovely blue lake nestled at the base of the steep cliffs which terminated the eastern range.

With much lighter hearts we sat down on the lake shore for lunch, and as we ate our sandwiches and drank the clear, cold water of the lake, we talked over our prospects. I told Weed that if there was nothing worse than what we had already seen, I believed that we should get through, coming out eventually somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Bow Summit, possibly a little way down Bear Creek. After a short rest we continued our explorations, passing another small, but charming lake from which a little stream plunged downward through a miniature canyon to whatever valley we were headed for. A short distance farther on we met our third problem. The pass ended in a tiny cliff with a drop of some six feet, below which was a very steep scree slope. Cliff and scree extended the entire width of the pass, but they had to be

faced and some way found to get the cayuses down to the level meadow which lay below them.

Weed asked the very natural question, "How are we going to get the ponies down here, Ralph?"

I said, "From all appearances the only thing to do will be to unpack the ponies at the top of the little cliff and carry the packs down, ourselves, to the foot of the scree, then herd the horses over the drop, let them make their way to the bottom and then re-pack them. Otherwise we are likely to have some of them rolling from top to bottom and perhaps injuring themselves, to say nothing of what would happen to the packs."

Weed agreed that this seemed the best way out of the difficulty, and having settled that in our minds we went on our way. Not far from the foot of the scree slope the alp turned once more almost at right angles and revealed some excellent country for travelling over; no trees, no rocks, no muskeg, just a broad, level, high valley with what was evidently a deep depression at the further end. A high range of mountains showed in the distance, but we were still too far away and too high up to recognize any of them, so we proceeded along the valley at a brisk pace, leaving yet another small lake some distance to our right. As we went along, we discussed what mountains these could be that faced us across the deep valley that we were approaching, but neither of us was able to say what they might be.

At length, well on in the afternoon, we arrived at the jumping-off place where the meadow we had been traversing descended to the wide valley below. We could hardly believe that we were not dreaming when, far below we saw the southern end of lovely Bow Lake, and directly across from us, at a slightly lower elevation, gleamed the three prongs of the Crowfoot (or as it was then called, the Trident) Glacier. Weed remarked, "Well, if we get through here, we shall have something to crow about, and better still, we shall have gained at least a day over our timetable."

THE VIEW from this lookout point was stupendous. Directly facing us were the towering peaks of the backbone of the country, the Great Divide stretching from Mts. Niles and Daly to far beyond Bear Lake and climaxed by such giants as Balfour and Gordon. To our left we could

catch glimpses of Molar and Hector. In every direction peak succeeded peak in serried ranks. At our feet lay the clear, sparkling water of the Bow Lake with the Bow and Trident Glaciers reflected in its mirror-like surface. But the culmination of this enchanting panorama lay far to the south. Over fifty miles from our viewpoint the Matterhorn of the Rockies, mighty Mount Assiniboine, thrust the tremendous bulk of its final pyramid nearly twelve thousand feet into the ethereal blue and was recognizable even at this distance as it overshadowed the clustering mountains like a colossus among pygmies.

But the afternoon was waning rapidly. It was now four o'clock and we had a long road to travel to reach camp and supper, so, considering that the more material things of life were more pressing than the contemplation of the landscape, delightful though it was, we turned our backs on the Bow Valley and started to retrace our steps. There was now no hesitation, no stopping to botanize, no time for anything except to get home as speedily as possible, fill our aching voids, and then recline luxuriously before the campfire while we discoursed magnificently on the doings of the day. There was but one fly in our ointment, that was the fear that we might have to cross the very-much-to-be-condemned rockslide in the dark, a prospect we certainly did not relish; therefore like Lady Macbeth's guests, we "stood not upon the order of our going," but went at once. Even then our haste did not suffice to bring us to the edge of the slide in daylight. True, it was not quite dark and there was still some afterglow left in the sky, but it was dark enough to make us tackle the scramble over the jumble of rocks with great circumspection. But it was accomplished at last with no more injury than a few bits of skin rubbed off here and there, and presently the light of the campfire shone through the trees and we were home.

Nicholls jumped to his feet crying, "Here are the boys at last!"

As soon as we were in camp, Weed and I started to tell the outcome of our trip, but Nicholls broke in before we could get out a word: "Now you fellows sit down and rest; you've had a long, hard day and you are not to say a word until you have had supper. It's all ready, and we've kept it hot for you. We can wait a while longer."

If any man has shown more unselfish consideration for others than these gentlemen did, I, for one, would like to know of it. Here were three men, waiting anxiously to learn if their long-planned trip were to be a total failure or not, denying themselves the hearing of the verdict until their scouts had eaten and rested. George and I realized this, and I think we ate a little faster than usual that we might finish sooner. When we had put away a most enjoyable meal and got pipes going well, Nicholls remarked, "Well, boys, now you can talk."

I looked at Weed and he at me and then he nodded to me to do the talking. I wasted no time in relieving their minds. "Gentlemen," I said, "we're going through." And it was worth a day's walk to see the uplift these splendid fellows got from those few words. I continued, "Mr. Weed and I have seen the Bow Lake and the Trident Glacier, and with one exception there is nothing on the way that the ponies cannot negotiate with a little precaution. The worst place is within five minutes walk of this camp. We may lose a horse there, but once we are past that, I think that we can get along all right. It will take two days to reach the Bow, but, even at that, you will be a day ahead of your schedule and you will have that much more time for climbing."

Weed and I then reviewed the whole day's trip for them, told of the grand scenery, and gave them a preview of what they might look forward to seeing on the morrow. When we couldn't talk any more, Thompson started in and gave us an account of their day's achievements. They also had met with complete success. They had climbed Observation Peak, had taken numerous photographs and had looked at some glorious country. Then, at the end of their most enjoyable day, we had come home to give them the best news possible, and a happier little band it would have been hard to find. Through it all there was no word of regret from Weed that he had not been in the party when a hitherto unclimbed mountain was conquered. He was like that.

At last Noyes said, "Well, boys, we have another long day before us to-morrow. I think we had better go to bed." Soon we were all comfortably in our blankets, but for some time Wilfrid and I could hear our dudes in their tent

still asking Weed about what he had seen and inquiring about the morrow's journey.

SATURDAY MORNING broke clear and bright, bearing promise of a glorious day for our adventurous attempt to transport our camp as far as possible on the way to the Bow Valley. A few minutes after leaving our overnight campground we arrived at the edge of the formidable rock slide. All agreed that across it lay our only road, so before starting I called the party together and said, "Now, folks, we have to get the cayuses across this thing and there is only one way to do it without disaster. No one, under any circumstances, is to do any driving; the ponies must be allowed to pick their own way, if it takes all day. I'll go ahead with my mare, pick the best road I can, and let her follow me as she likes. The other ponies, once they are started on the rocks, will follow her, but they must be allowed to choose for themselves. We may lose a horse or two with broken legs, but we have to chance that. So here goes."

Very slowly I started out over this nightmare of rock, my mare at my heels. Gradually, one by one, the rest of the ponies scrambled onto the rock pile. Accustomed to follow wherever the mare led, they moved forward in her general direction. In a few minutes there were ponies scattered all over the slide. Still farther in the rear came the rest of the party, almost afraid to breathe, lest any action of theirs should be interpreted by the cayuses as an attempt to induce them to quicken their pace. Sometimes a pony who had landed on an unusually large and flat rock stood there for some minutes, apparently trying to make up his mind which was the safest way to go, and none of us dared so much as to tell him to get a move on. But these wise little beggars always selected the easiest and safest road, never attempting to cross a wide gap nor stepping on anything but moderately solidly settled rocks of good size. By degrees every difficulty was overcome as it was met, and still there had been no disaster, nor anything near one, until finally I and my mare were across the slide and patiently waiting for the rest to join us. We had been almost an hour covering not more than a quarter of a mile of slide, but it was time well spent, for any attempt to increase the speed would inevitably have resulted in one or more of the cayuses' slipping between the huge boulders

and breaking a leg, necessitating the shooting of the poor animal as nothing could be done for it.

But now we were all on the right side of the slide and we kept on up the creek, wandering through and around thick brush with once in a while a small open patch where the ponies took advantage of the opportunity to snatch a mouthful or two of grass. In due course we arrived at the foot of the box canyon and the steep grade leading to the rim rock. Here another halt was called and I explained how I proposed to get the ponies up. I said, "I want you fellows to allow no more than one pony on the grade at a time. I'll go up first with the mare and when we get up, start another horse up. But we must only have one horse coming up at a time. The climb is short. The ponies know this and they will try to make it in a series of plunges as long as their breath holds out, and if several cayuses are trying to make it at once, somebody is going to get pushed into the canyon." Following this procedure, they all got to the top all right, though it was quite a struggle for some of the more heavily loaded horses and we rested them for a few moments until they had got their wind back.

The canyon was passed without incident and when we came out on the open country at the head of the canyon, we stopped for lunch which everybody seemed to need, especially the ponies. The remainder of the day was occupied in traversing the long alpine meadow that formed the upper portion of the valley. Making the right-angled turn, before mentioned, we came out on the summit of the pass and here, owing to the lateness of the hour and the fact that we would not strike any better place by going on for several miles, we camped on the shore of the beautiful lake that Weed and I had discovered the previous day. A lovelier spot could not have been selected, but there was a small fly in the ointment; for several miles in all directions there was not so much as a single stick of wood, and to all appearances there never had been. No tepee poles were to be had, (pretty sure proof that no one had ever travelled the valley) so it was impossible to set up the tents, and our poor cook for once was completely at a loss . . . he could not light a fire without any wood. But here Thompson's spirit lamp, which had been brought along in case of just such an emergency, proved its worth, and though we dined on cold food, we had plenty of hot tea

and coffee. Fortunately the weather was gloriously fine, and we spread our blankets on the inviting grass carpet, and in case there should be a night shower following the hot day, we spread the tents as coverlets over the blankets, and were ready for anything.

DURING the evening the discussion centred on appropriate names for the new discoveries. Everyone was strongly in favour of naming the pass and the creek in the valley Noyes Pass and Noyes Creek, in honour of the leader of the expedition: but Mr. Noyes objected equally strongly. He suggested Doone Valley and Doone Creek on account of the ruggedness of the terrain and the little cascade over which the waters of the creek tumbled into the canyon. He wished the pass to be called Dolomite Pass on account of the similarity of the formations to the dolomites of the Tyrol. The lovely lake on whose strand we sat and the smaller lake farther through the pass were christened "Katherine" and "Helen" after the two charming daughters of the Rev. Mr. Nicholls.

Sunday morning gave promise of another perfect day and as we stood around awaiting the boiling of the tea and coffee pots on Thompson's invaluable spirit lamp, we had time to survey more closely the panorama as viewed from our high-altitude camp. It is difficult to find words that adequately describe the scene without being charged with exaggeration, for only superlatives are fitting to portray the landscape spread before us. At the foot of the gentle slope which had been our bedroom the placid waters of Lake Katherine extended to the edge of the pass, over which they tumbled and plunged into a rock-bound gully which was actually a canyon stood up on end. Down this declivity they rushed with many rainbow-tinted leaps until finally, far below, they came to rest in the valley to add their quota to swell the flood of the youthful Bow River. Over the lake, and extending until lost in the morning haze, rose the mountains that form the western boundary of the Bow Valley. At the left of the lake rose abruptly a series of dolomite peaks, and then, beyond a small green pool which we had named "Dolomite Tarn", we could see a small part of the glacier on the north side of the dolomite peaks that had been observed by Noyes and Weed when scrambling among the hills downstream from our previous camp. Then still to the left, came into

view the great, rugged mountains which stood like the wall of a vast amphitheatre with our camping ground as the stage. To complete the panorama, our eyes rested upon the sky-piercing summits to the north whose scored and broken sides bore ample witness to the ravaging and rending might of Nature.

Before I started to pack the ponies after breakfast, the Rev. Mr. Nicholls rose to his feet and said, "Boys, we don't like to travel on Sunday, but our time is so limited that we have no choice. Before we start out, though, I feel that we should mark the day by a short service, at least. So, Mr. Noyes having requested me to act, I will ask you to remain seated for a little while."

Mr. Nicholls then read from the Anglican prayer book an abbreviated form of morning prayer. In fifteen minutes or so the short service was over and we quietly set about our various occupations. That morning service was held fifty years ago, but it is as vivid to my mind's eye as if it had taken place only yesterday. At that time I was but a youngster, by no means emotional or even religious, (indeed I fear that I rather prided myself on my reputation for being hard-boiled), but nothing in the whole course of my life has ever affected me to the same extent as that simple act of worship. No ceremonial ritual in the most magnificent cathedral with surpliced choir and the sunlight streaming through glorious stained glass windows mellowed by the centuries could have been more solemn or impressive than that short, simple service. Picture, if you can, the setting. The beautiful, blue, white-flecked dome of the heavens formed a ceiling more enchanting than any painted by the masterhand of a Raphael or a Botticelli. That ceiling was apparently upheld by the sculptured pillars of the mighty mountains with their far-flung buttresses which surrounded a living floor more restful and delightful to the eye than the finest mosaic or parterre. Before us stood, as a font, the lovely lake; calm and still in the background reared high an unparalleled reredos of rock and glacier, while over all the scene brooded the irresistible charm, the hallowed peace, of perfect silence and solitude. There was not another human being within many miles of us and, so far as there was any indication to the contrary, the sole inhabitants of the globe might have been our six selves and the Master Architect of that unrivalled fane. As Harry

Nicholls stood before us and in his quiet but thrilling voice read the well-known prayers and exhortations, I realized something of the spirit of the Covenanters of old which led them out into their beloved Scottish hills to worship their God in their own way, aye, even though it meant a sudden and violent death. The little service was soon over, but throughout the day its spirit remained with us and tinged our words and actions with its reverent serenity.

LEAVING our delightful camp ground, we soon traversed the short distance comprising the summit of the pass and then reached the thin cliff that Weed and I had noted on Friday. Instinctively the horses all stopped. Weed came up and inquired if we were going to take the packs off, lower them by hand down the steep scree slope and, turning the cayuses loose, drive them over the rock and let them get down the best way they could. I said that I would make a last inspection of the break in the hope of finding some spot where we could put the horses over still packed. I had almost arrived at the point where the little cliff joined the main body of the mountain when I found a place where the edge of the rock had been broken away and the actual drop was not much over two feet. I went back and reported my find and declared my intention of trying to get down without unpacking. I instructed each man to lead a pony at the full length of his hackamore and, getting down himself first, to pull on the halter, while the rest urged on the cayuse from behind. I figured that as soon as one or two of the ponies had got down safely, the others would follow without trouble. With a man on the lead, if a horse fell in landing on the scree slope, he could be held and assisted to his feet, so that he would not roll to the bottom. Even though the incline was very steep, this seemed feasible. I went in front and Roanie came over all right. Then, one by one, the rest followed suit and, though there was some stumbling, none actually fell, and all arrived at the bottom in good order. From here on the going was easy, through a wide, open, almost-level alpine meadow, which must have seemed like heaven to the cayuses after what they had been through recently.

Fairly well on in the afternoon I had the pleasure of pointing out to those members of the party who had not previously seen them the three gleaming prongs of the Trident (now the Crowfoot) Glacier and the lovely Bow

Lake. Rapidly we descended the slope from the extremity of the pass to the level of the lake and, turning northwards, skirted the lake shore to its northern end where we pitched our tents. This was familiar ground to Noyes, Thompson, and me, but Nicholls and Weed now saw for the first time the glacial entrances to the Wapuhtik Icefield which was to be the scene of the explorations of the party during the few remaining days of their stay with us. And thus on the eighth day after the party had abandoned civilization at Laggan, we had reached one of our objectives, and in so doing we had created a record by bringing an entire pack train over a new pass, a pass that was not even known to exist. It was not until the lateness of the hour warned us that we must "roll in" if we were to get our much-needed quota of sleep, that my dudes ceased to vent their delight at the complete success of the trip.

CHAPTER IV

THE CONQUEST OF BALFOUR

WITH THE COMPLETION of the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains in 1885, a country which hitherto had been almost unknown, save to a few hardy trappers and prospectors, was opened up. This was especially true of that section of Western Canada occupied by the ranges comprising the Rocky Mountains. Some early pioneer explorers, such as Sir George Simpson, David Thompson, and Father de Smet, had fought their way over a few of the passes and through some of the forbidding canyons and darksome forests, but even to the railway survey parties by far the greater part of this area was terra incognita. The spanning of the mountains with a pathway of steel, however opened up a vast tract of country for exploration. Stupendous mountains, turbulent streams, mighty icefields and glaciers which had hitherto been but rumours, or were not even dreamed of, now became realities. So marvelous was the scenic beauty of the region now rendered accessible without too great an expenditure of time and money, or enduring overly severe hardships, that the terrain for some hundred or more miles north and south of the railroad became a powerful magnet to attract the attention of the mountaineering brotherhood throughout the civilised world.

It is true that these peaks thus brought to the notice of Alpinists did not rear their snow-capped crests to the cloud-piercing elevations of the Himalaya or the Andes, but it should be remembered when making comparisons that the valley levels are not at any great altitude above sea level. Many of these glorious peaks rise from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above their bases in the valleys and even the unconquerable summit of Everest, the glory and despair of the mountains of the world, only rears its mighty peak some 9,000 feet above points to which fairly heavy loads may be transported by man power alone and where base camps may be established. Neither is great height necessary for the providing of as severe a test of skill and endurance as the hardiest and most experienced mountaineer could

desire. It is well known that there are crags in the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland that are considered, by those best qualified to judge, to offer some of the most difficult ascents known, and yet these hills rise only a few hundred feet above sea level. In point of fact it is generally admitted that, with the exception of the discomfort and danger occasioned by the rarified atmosphere at great altitudes, the Rocky Mountains present as many difficulties and problems as any other chain of mountains in the world.

It is not surprising, therefore, when the new empire of the hills became available for exploration and recreation without the consumption of too much time or the entailing of a financial outlay beyond the means of all but a very limited few, that the eyes and thoughts of mountaineers both on the American continent and in the Old World should be focussed upon it. During the closing years of the last century and the opening ones of the present many mountaineering parties converged upon Banff and the neighbouring district to see for themselves these newly attainable peaks and to attempt the conquest of their virgin crests. Included in these parties were such men of note in the Alpine world as Dr. Coleman, Dr. Norman Collie, E. C. Stutfield, and Sir James Outram, from England; Professor Jean Habel, of France; Professor Fay, Walter D. Wilcox, Rev. C. S. Noyes and Charles Thompson, hailing from this side of the Atlantic. Under the leadership of these men, and others of like calibre, ascents of many of the more prominent peaks were essayed, with varying degrees of success. Rarely were the climbers successful on a first attempt; some giants, notably Mt. Assiniboine, were only overcome after numerous failures.

Naturally it was not long before certain mountains became well known to climbers everywhere as truly worthy of their best efforts, and year after year assaults were made upon such outstanding peaks as Lefroy, Assiniboine, Eon, Forbes and others in the ten and eleven-thousand foot class. It is noteworthy that there was but one fatality in these years when everything was new and strange and the climber had no guidance beyond his own intuition and judgement as to where the next step should be taken. This occurred in 1896 when Phillip Abbott, of New York, a member of a party attempting a first ascent of Mount Lefroy, fell and

died of his injuries just as the other members of the party succeeded in reaching his side. Incidentally, exactly one year to the day after the accident the remaining members of the party successfully scaled the mountain. One of the foremost of these notable mountains was Mount Balfour in the Waputik Range, lying between the Bow Valley on the east and the Waputik Icefield and the North Fork of the Wapta River on the west. Previous to 1897 some attempts had been made to reach the summit of this magnificent limestone block with its terrifying precipices, but with a total lack of success, and gradually the idea took root that Balfour was inaccessible. Professor Habel's expedition to explore the possibility of successful ascent from the western side has been described in the opening chapter of this work. He stated that the probability of success on the west side was even more remote than it would be from the Bow valley.

In the early summer of 1898 Professor Fay made another attempt by way of the eastern slope of the mountain, and again the party failed to reach the summit. Fay gave it as his opinion that Balfour was almost inaccessible and certainly not likely to be climbed for some considerable time until much more information had been gained as to the best method of attack.

LATER IN THE SUMMER the party headed by the Rev. C. L. Noyes, of which I was a member, arrived in the Bow Valley after making the crossing of the Dolomite Pass described in the preceding chapter. The primary object of the expedition was a further exploration of the Waputik Icefield together with some Alpine work in the vicinity. Far back in the hidden recesses of the mind lingered the thought that, should circumstances prove favorable, the trip might reach its climax in yet another assault upon Mt. Balfour. Little was said, but occasionally someone would make a remark to the effect that "it would be nice to wind up the show by having a go at Balfour." Someone else would answer, "Oh, I don't know, wait till we see what the weather is like and how we get along with the other work."

The Waputik Icefield is a vast white plain of snow-covered ice, uplifted on the shoulders and spread around the crests of many untrodden mountains and erupting in many beautiful glaciers through the gaps dividing the peaks

which comprise the Waputik Range. The eastern extremity of this glorious expanse terminates in the Daly Glacier on Mt. Daly, a towering rampart overlooking the Great Divide and from whence rise the waters of the stream which plunges down from the perpendicular shoulder of the mountain in the thundering Takakkaw Falls of the Yoho Valley. The northern terminal of the icefield is formed by the Peyto Glacier and by a smaller glacier which branches off from it into a small valley pointing to the north west.

Nestling closely under the steep escarpment of this upland are three large lakes, the southernmost being Hector Lake (then called the Lower Bow Lake) with its miniature satellites, Lakes Margaret and Turquoise; the central one, Bow Lake (formerly Upper Bow Lake); and the northernmost is Peyto Lake, named after the well-known pioneer, Bill Peyto, of Banff, another of Tom Wilson's trusted guides. Each of these lakes afforded breaches for assault upon the icefield by way of the glaciers which at that time came down almost to the limpid waters of these lovely lakes.

Our party had decided to make their survey of the icefield via the Bow Lake, and the morning after the events chronicled in the preceding chapter we started around the shore of the lake, sometimes in the water and sometimes struggling through the brush. Then followed a rough walk over the terminal moraine, so old that it was overgrown with small timber, and a diagonal traverse of the Bow Glacier to its first shelf. Next came an ugly scramble (ugly to me, at any rate) along the arête of the southern lateral moraine to the fine table of the second shelf and then a diagonal course back to the northward to the abutment of Portal Peak, where the ice begins to break over for its first fall. Thence we moved westerly on a gently rising grade to a long line of outcropping rock rising to a low peak which, seen from the west, is found to be the coping of an imposing palisade which culminated in a fine unnamed peak across the Divide. This noble mountain commands the snowfield on the west, stretching towards the Howse Pass, and that on the northeast from which the Peyto Glacier debouches. This magnificent, massive peak, the monarch of the upper level of the snowfield in its northern area, as Gordon and Olive are of the southern and western areas, and fully the peer of these summits, was, by unanimous consent, named Mount Baker.

We sat down on the rocky elevation of the outcrop, at an altitude of about 9,000 feet, for our well-earned and much-needed lunch and as we enjoyed the toothsome fare which Wilfrid, our cook, had provided, we gazed with delight upon the mountain panorama by which we were surrounded. So close that it seemed one needed but a few steps to reach them towered the snowy slopes of Portal, Beechy Head, Olive and Gordon, Collie, Habel, and Baker. While we ate we discussed the programme for the remainder of the day and it was decided that an attempt should be made to reach the summit of Mt. Collie as this mountain appeared both easy and interesting.

We soon discovered that, though it might be interesting, it was certainly not easy. Two hours were occupied in crossing the sun-softened snow of the Wapta névé, and I sincerely hoped that I should never again be called upon to take part in so hot and wearying a walk. The pitiless rays of the summer sun beat down upon us as we walked, sometimes sinking to our knees in the soft snow of the névé. It was a walk to talk about afterwards, but not to enjoy. As we approached nearer we discovered that the features which had lent so much of interest to the mountain now resolved themselves into nothing less than a series of obstructions to our progress. The lines of shadow were schrunds, and the black patches relieving the white, steep faces of grat that peremptorily blocked the way. We worked up as close and high under these as we could and turned abruptly to the left and outflanked them by a traverse to the south-easterly face of the mountain. This proved to be a broad, shallow trough of snow, which at first rose gently, but grew gradually steeper and steeper until it ended abruptly in the nearly perpendicular face of the final arête running from east to west. From the summit there ran along the western border of this concave floor of snow a high and steeply faced ridge, meeting the snow only at the foot. It was possible that the summit might be attained by means of this ridge, but the chances did not appear to be very good. A more obvious route was to follow the snow to some low, outcropping rocks which seemed to meet with the final arête. Easy though this way appeared to be, it rapidly developed difficulties which continually caused delay and proved most aggravating. By this time the snow had become exceedingly

soft. At times we sank in it well above our knees, and as we struggled on, it seemed to become worse. This was both unpleasant and dangerous. The snow led to the brink of an invisible crevasse, the concealing snow of which broke under the pressure of the ice axe and only the fact that we were roped together prevented what might have been a serious accident to the leader. We discovered that there was quite a series of these crevasses with no surface indication of their presence. This necessitated great caution, but with time and patience we at length reached the solid ice above, where the crevasses were at least visible. Eventually we gained the outcrop of rock above the verge of the escarpment looking northward. This edge soon rose to a parapet, along which we had to slab our way on crumbling scree of icy footing above the jaws of ragged schrunds. Still, we were approaching the snow arête which seemed to offer better going, but our pleasure was soon turned into disappointment, for we found the arête undermined by a cavernous schrund. Farther along, the crest was dangerously corniced. As an alternative to this route, we could attempt a traverse over very steep ice liberally washed by melting snow. In fact the whole path from the point which we had now reached to the summit fairly bristled with obstructions. Had we arrived in the early part of the day before the sun had rendered the going soft and treacherous, we would probably have been successful in reaching the summit, but the many difficulties and the waning afternoon compelled us to admit defeat and turn our steps down the mountain. Even so, it was dark before we reached the foot of the glacier and the last hour was spent in making our way as best we could around the lake shore. Many were the stumbles over hidden stones, and the brush appeared to have set a thousand traps for the traveller, but in due course the last obstacle was overcome and we arrived in camp tired and hungry. Our cook had begun to worry when we did not return about suppertime and when it became dark and there was still no sign of us he began to think of the various kinds of disasters that might have overtaken us. However everything had come out all right, and after a good supper with plenty of hot cocoa we sought our beds and required no rocking to fall into a sound and dreamless sleep.

As it had been arranged that the following day should be exempt from any strenuous toil, breakfast was served at a later hour than usual. Plenty of time was allotted to our different duties, and it was nearly noon before our cavalcade had moved to its next camping ground some three or four miles farther up the valley.

OUR NEW CAMP was situated on the height of land dividing the waters of the Bow from those of Bear Creek, now known as the Mistaya River, Mistaya is an Indian word meaning "grizzly bear" and, according to all reports, these monarchs of the hills were decidedly plentiful in this area, but we did not have the doubtful pleasure of making their acquaintance during our stay here. We pitched our tents beside the spring which feeds a tiny creek that is the actual headwaters of the Bow River, though the Bow Lake generally gets the credit of being the source of the river.

The summit of the divide is a marvelously beautiful plateau, nearly level and studded with clumps of trees, not too thickly grouped, and with the most delightful glades and miniature parks interspersed among the stands of timber. It was indeed a striking contrast to the rugged terrain through which we had struggled the previous day. There, magnificent as was the scenery, everything appeared grim and threatening, and it behoved the traveller to be wary of his going, while here, only a short distance from the realm of rock and glacier, a scene of the most charming sylvan beauty was spread before our eyes.

In the afternoon we started on a tour of exploration. Threading our way through the open spaces between the trees, and heading in a westerly direction, after about half a mile we arrived at the northwestern corner of the plateau and from this elevation surveyed what is possibly the most exquisite and entrancing scene in the whole of the Canadian Rockies. From the abrupt edge on which we stood the plain broke sharply down in very steep, densely wooded ridges and gorges to the cerulean waters of lovely Peyto Lake. This beautiful body of water, curving like the arc of a bent bow and nestling like a jewel at the base of mighty crags, must be seen to be appreciated. No words of mine could even begin truly to describe this gem of the mountains. Nature has here squandered her adornments with so lavish a hand that the beholder is almost over-

whelmed by a superabundance of beauty. Here is everything that the soul of the artist could crave; colour, form and setting. Other lakes, more widely known as the result of much publicity, have had their beauties sung in verse and prose, but Peyto Lake still stands pre-eminent, at least in the southern Rockies. Only Shadow Lake, sheltering at the base of the mighty monolith of Mount Ball, and Lake Katherine, lying in lonely loveliness on the summit of the Dolomite Pass, are comparable to it. But beautiful as is the lake itself, it derives an added charm from the glorious vistas which open on the farther shore. The southern, or upper, half of the arc directs the eye to a wide slash in the mountain chain, over which a grand glacier winds in sinuous curves and leads directly into the very heart of the mighty icefield. The northern, or lower, half points the way down an ever-widening vista bordered by noble peaks at whose feet the little outlet stream starts slowly on its journey to the main Saskatchewan river, passing on its way through numerous delightful little lakes, some of them little more than broadening of the river, but gathering power and volume on its course until at length it plunges into the tremendous Mistaya Canyon from whence it emerges some miles further on to mingle the frothy turmoil of its waters with the more placid main body of the Saskatchewan. The coign of vantage from which we viewed this incomparable scene was, by unanimous consent, christened Lookout Point, and never was a name more aptly bestowed.

We spent the afternoon along the shore of the lake, taking many photographs, and forming plans for the ascent of the glacier on the following day. The shore is made so irregular by many transverse ridges of age-old terminal moraine that pitch sharply down and thrust far out into the lake, that to follow along the lake shore to its head, winding in and out of these indentations, or to surmount the steep sides of these obstructions, only to descend again to the level of the lake, and continue to repeat the process, would be a long and toilsome task. The climbing party therefore decided to reach the foot of the glacier by means of a long traverse from Lookout Point. Next morning at daybreak they started on their exploring venture.

It should be stated here that, on account of other duties which required my attention, and also to some extent my comparatively short experience as an Alpinist, I was unable

to accompany the climbers, and in so far as their activities are concerned I am indebted for the account of their adventures on this and the succeeding occasion to the Rev. Mr. Noyes' brochure on the trip and to the notes made in my personal diary of information supplied by the members of the party.

Little difficulty was found in reaching the head of the lake; but here, just as the Bow Glacier, the wooded dike of an ancient moraine crowds over to the face of the mountain opposite the glacial stream which has gouged out a passage for itself and tears furiously through the narrow gap, discharging a very considerable flood into the lake. After surmounting this barrier, they were forced by the stream, too deep and too swift to wade, back to the southern corner of the glacier, from whence it rushes out in full volume from the mouth of a splendid ice-cave.

THE ASCENT of this glacier, which is a most impressive one, both on account of its dimensions and the noble flow of its lines, proved both safe and easy. A diagonal traverse of an easy grade, over ice almost unmarred by crevasses, and therefore permitting a rapid advance, leads to the northern lateral moraine, which in its turn affords ready passage to the great plain of the upper icefield. Climbing a moraine is always a first class imitation of hard work, but in this instance the drudgery was fully compensated for by a beautiful and curious sight. Lying hidden behind a precipitous and lofty wall is a lovely blue lake. Strangely enough, this lake had been noticed by the party during the ascent of Mount Observation, but no particular note had been made of its location. Its clear waters find a double outlet, one by a flume worn in the ridge, while the other has broken a way through the side of the mountain and gushes forth in full and sparkling tide, a constant miracle of water drawn from the rock.

The march over the upper ice plain was found to be most exhilarating. It is by far the grandest approach by which to reach the snow-field, its dimensions being really magnificent and it gathers to its great ice current the tributary snows from right and left with lordly sweeps of curve. The surface is scored over by countless limpid rills that meet to form little rivers which dive down clefts that pierce to the very heart of the frozen Tartarus below. Or more wonderful still, circular whorls with emerald walls are

formed, down which, with muted thunder, pour swirling waters. It would be natural to expect this vast solitude to be as silent as the grave, without cry of animal or voice of bird, but that is far from the truth, for this frozen domain is resonant and vocal with the song of the pouring waters which set the ice a-ringing and produce an effect similar to that caused by the rays of the rising sun on the ancient statue of Memnon.

This vestibule to the great icefield is set about with many noble peaks. On either hand are heights ranking with Portal Peak, while in front, like a mighty bastion or watch tower, rises the commanding bulk of Mount Baker, one of the monarchs of the snow-field. Between Baker and Olive rises another impressive peak, at that time unnamed, now known as Mt. Rhondda (10,025 ft.), its summit shrouded with eternal snow. The arête of this mountain sweeps round in a wide spiral curve of even grade from base to crown, a natural winding stairway most alluring to the mountaineer as an easy mode of access to the summit of the peak. Much to our party's regret this temptation had to be resisted and they turned to the southward, in the direction of Mount Balfour, for by now it was an open secret that the culmination of the expedition was to be reached with yet one more assault upon that stubborn and hitherto inaccessible mountain.

It is now necessary to leave the climbers temporarily to continue their traverse of the snow-field and follow the fortunes of those who had been left behind. Mr. Weed, whose eyes had become too much inflamed to attempt any snow work at the moment, had stayed in camp with Wilfrid and me. It had been arranged that, after the party of climbers had left, I should break camp and move down the Bow to a camp ground in the vicinity of the Lower Bow Lake. Accordingly, as soon after breakfast as possible, I packed up and we started on our back trail, but when we reached our previous camp on the Bow Lake our cook declared himself totally incapable of travelling any further. Poor Wilfrid seemed completely played out, had hardly slept the previous night, and was hot and feverish. We could either tie him on his horse, which would probably only make him worse, or leave him behind. It was imperative that I go on with most of the camp equipment in anticipation of the arrival of the party of climbers who

proposed to return by way of the base of Balfour, the Lower Bow Lake, and the Bow River ford. Weed very kindly offered to stay behind and look after our cook until I could return and get him down the trail. So we set up a tent, cut some firewood and, leaving sufficient supplies for two or three meals, I took the cayuses and the remainder of the outfit and continued on towards the lower lake. Arriving there well on towards evening, I hurriedly made camp, set up tents, cut wood and generally got things in order, had some supper, and sat down to smoke and await the hail from across the river that would tell me that my dudes had arrived. Soon it was dark and still no sign of the party, so I built up a huge fire in the hope that the light would guide the wanderers in the right direction. As hour after hour went by without the party's making its appearance, I began to conjure up all sorts of possible disasters that might have occurred to them. I thought of everything from being overwhelmed by an avalanche to merely having been overtaken by night too far away to make the bank of the Bow until daylight. But there was nothing that I could do about it, and finally I had to roll into bed and try to get some sleep. But I awoke at frequent intervals throughout the night, listening for a call from across the river, and with the first sign of day I was up again to get the fire going and make preparations for breakfast, which I was convinced would be needed any moment now. Time slipped by and still the missing party did not put in an appearance and I was getting more and more worried every minute. It would be a dreadful thing to have a whole party meet with disaster while in my care, and then I also had Weed and our cook to worry about. They had to be looked after and at least I knew where they were, so about nine o'clock I saddled my mare, caught a couple of extra ponies and started back up the trail to the Bow Lake.

IT is now time to return to the fortunes of the mountaineering party whom we left travelling over the icefield in a north-easterly direction.. The tramp to Mount Gordon was the usual monotony of walking over soft snow, with the reflected sunlight glaring fiercely on the eyes. At the highest point of the snow-field, which forms the snow divide between the Bow Lake and Peyto Lake readings were taken which determined the elevation to be nine thousand feet above sea level. Beyond the head of the

Bow Glacier they were forced to feel their way with great caution, prodding for firm footing between masked crevasses which scored the whole field in this particularly hot season and thus made the traverse difficult and dangerous. Another tell-tale sign of the great melting, which made this a year of scant and unstable snow above and flooded streams below, was an emerald lake of respectable size gathered in a depression of the snow under Gordon. But more difficulty was yet to be encountered, for the first glance by the western shoulder of the mountain, through the Vulture Col, put an end to all hopes of further advance in that direction. It was now mid-afternoon, and the descent from the Col, though appearing to be navigable, would take more time than could be afforded, and wherever they attempted to trace a route giving access to the Lower Bow, they would always find it broken by some insurmountable obstruction. The result of this reconnaissance was confirmed later when the same area was reviewed from the foot of Balfour. From that side only one road appeared to be within the limits of possibility, a rapid drop from cliff to cliff to the head of the lake on its northern side. The view from this point is truly magnificent and the party spent a few of the valuable moments in contemplation of the unique spectacle. Before them spread the blue lake, deep-set in its oblong chalice, the broad valley of the Bow sweeping to the south, and springing directly upward from its floor the supreme height and nobly moulded mass of Mount Hector, while opposite to Hector reared the eye-compelling form of Balfour, a recumbent giant, sprawling over the terrain as though taking his repose on some tremendous couch.

Balfour, indeed concentrates and absorbs the attention, filling the entire picture for one looking through this opening, a portrait framed in the V of the Col. But to the climbers its grandeur was lost in a sense of dismay, for, search as they would, every possible line of ascent seemed defended by a complicated series of fortifications that were worthy of the most malicious ingenuity; to the southward, however, where the ridge melted into the snow, opened a gateway capable of access.

Defeated in their attempt to carry out the original programme, nothing remained but to return to the old camp on the Upper Bow Lake. So, turning their backs, but with

the mental reservation that, by a more favourable means of approach, they would return to the attack, they made all possible haste over the treacherous way. In view of just this possible frustration of their plans, they had arranged that, on my way to the Lower Bow, I should leave a little food cached and some wood gathered at the Upper Bow camp, so that even should they have to spend the night without blankets or shelter they would at least be warmed and fed. When at length they arrived within sight of the old campground one may imagine their astonishment at seeing the outlines of a tent and the fitful flickering of a fire. This seemed almost uncanny; Weed and Beattie were supposed to accompany me down to the next camp and who could possibly have arrived in the meantime. But as they approached, the mystery was soon solved. Here was Weed, seated before a comfortable fire, with prospects of a palatable supper in the very near future. Explanations followed; Weed related how, owing to his severe indisposition, Wilfrid had been unable to travel and that he had remained to look after him while I had gone on down the trail as had been arranged. After a good supper, all the sweeter for being totally unexpected, they took what coverings were available and, feet to the fire, slept soundly for the rest of the night, awaking the next morning fully refreshed. Some discussion ensued as to the best steps to be taken. The problem was whether to proceed down the trail to the new camp and then send me back to fetch in the stragglers, or to await my arrival. Feeling sure that their non-arrival at the rendezvous would alarm me and that I should ere long start out to search for them and also to discover how the invalids were progressing, they agreed to wait for an hour or two before making any move. Wilfrid was feeling better and every hour was bringing him nearer to the point where he would again be able to travel. They had not very long to wait, for shortly before noon I arrived and was greatly relieved to find the party complete, Weed's eyes almost back to normal, and Beattie able to ride, though not completely recovered.

Much later in the afternoon than it should have been we started down the valley to the Lower Bow, but the going was rough, and on account of Wilfrid, we could not travel as fast as we might have done, with the result that darkness caught up with us while still some miles from

camp. To be tangled up in a mass of blown-down timber, where one has constantly to leave the trail in order to get the horses around the deadfalls, is not a pleasant experience at any time, but it is still worse when it is almost impossible to see where one is going. So we kept on, floundering through brush, holes caused by upturned trees, creeks, and outcroppings of rock, hoping almost against hope that we would get through without disaster. Breaking free at long last from the timber, we emerged onto a stretch of muskeg, in which we all proceeded to get thoroughly wet, but at last we stumbled onto the little island of solid ground in the midst of the quagmire on which I had pitched camp the previous day. Weary, ragged, and wet, we hastily built a fire and made some hot cocoa, which restored us to a more human frame of mind, and then we made all speed to get between the blankets.

AS might be expected no one turned out at any very early hour the next morning and it was speedily agreed that this should be a day of leisure, the first we had had since leaving Laggan some three weeks previously. By now it had been definitely decided that the trip should be climaxed with an attempt to scale Mount Balfour. What a feather in the party's cap if this should prove successful! The weather was propitious and all equipment having been carefully gone over and checked and sufficient rations arranged for the following day, towards evening I packed a pony with enough food for supper and breakfast, and with my own and another saddle horse ferried the party across the Bow River. From thence we proceeded around the shores of Hector Lake and pushed forward as far as the western shore of Lake Margaret. Here an overnight camp was set up and after a light supper the four climbers, with a blanket apiece, crawled into the two halves of the Mummery tent, while I stretched out in front of the fire. At three in the morning I was up again preparing a breakfast mainly consisting of porridge, bannock, and hot chocolate. Before four o'clock the climbing party was ready for the road and after accompanying them a short way I wished them "Goodbye and the best of luck" and returned to our temporary camp to await the rising sun warming up the air before returning with the ponies to our main camp.

From here on, once more, it becomes necessary for me to quote largely from the Rev. Mr. Noyes' diary. Leaving the overnight camp while the sun had not yet touched the lake into beauty and the waters still lay a cold, sombre blue, they crossed the ridge at the outlet of Lake Margaret and climbed the scree slope at the head of the lake. Shortly after seven o'clock they scaled the wall above the lake by means of the one rock ladder and came over the outer rim of lovely Lake Turquoise. When it was nearly eight, they stopped for a light lunch at the foot of the glacier which descends to the upper end of the lake. The passage of the glacier was this year a delicate operation, owing to the long, hot summer weather which prevailed, requiring some ingenious walking among crevasses, and light stepping over snow bridges, which only needed to melt a little more to prevent access to the névé above. This gained, however, full in view beyond it and broadside to the mountaineers, rose the magnificent mass of Balfour. The difficulties of approach, which had been foreseen when looking down from Vulture Col, did not by any means vanish under a closer inspection. The final ridge, however, looked hopeful, promising that once it could be attained, it would provide a clear way to the top; but the problem was how to reach that much-to-be-desired ridge. The most encouraging route appeared to be an approach from the south. Rising almost to the crest was a tongue of snow, but it was gashed very suspiciously, and even though the ridge was reached, there was no surety that the way would not be barred by cornices or precipitous breaks. The prospect was too doubtful for time to be wasted in consideration, and without slackening the pace the party pressed on over the névé to the gateway at the south. This would admit them to the western side, where there was reason to hope for more level and stable snow, and from this access to the final ridge might be gained.

About eleven o'clock the divide was crossed, and the change of worlds of vision, always thrilling in such a crossing, was grandly so in this case. To the south, near and imposing, rose Niles and Daly, like mammoth walruses, lifting their black heads above the ice, and thrusting their great snouts toward the climbers. Between them the névé sloped down towards a great glacier, and by them to the west extended the gleaming plain of a vast snow-field rolling towards the ravine of the Wapta, that enormous rent

between the mountains that gathers to its bosom the immense volume of melted snow which pours down from all the névés streaming from the western side of Balfour and Gordon, Collie and Habel, to the north, and over beyond from the slopes on this side of yet another chain of mountains that filled the prospect as far as the horizon to the west and south.

But all this immensity and grandeur attracted attention but momentarily. Much more important to the climbers was the answer to the unspoken question, was the road clear that would lead them to the goal on which they had set their hearts? A rapid survey seemed to assure an affirmative answer, for in front of them stretched a clear reach of snow leading directly to a ridge curving off from the main arête to the left and above this was the fore-shortened vision of the summit itself, apparently readily attainable. Once the offshoot ridge had been gained, there was along its curve an even, almost level way, to the backbone of the mountain. On this main arête there was more difficulty; for there loomed up a V-shaped cleft which promised to block the way altogether, but it was circumvented by slabbing down to the screes and snow below and then diagonally up again, over unstable and tricky footing and with unreliable handholds on friable rock. All these difficulties were overcome without slip or danger, and a depression in the ridge reached wherein lay an inviting pool of clear water made by the snow shelf on the eastern side, melted by contact with the warmer rocks. Now, practically assured of success and lured by the opportunity of a refreshing drink, the party took time out for a final lunch and enjoyment of the magnificent view towards Mount Hector. Then came the final climb of an hour and the ardently desired goal was at length achieved. They stood unscathed upon the topmost peak of the mighty giant who had so long defied all efforts to humble him. Not only had they attained the summit of Mount Balfour, they had done even more; they had reached the summit of their long-cherished desires and crowned the summer's expedition with success. Anyone who has walked the crowning ridge of a mountain range will recall the thrilling sensation of such a passage, as though one were moving on the backbone of the world. In reality it is a bit of the coping of the continent, lifted eleven thousand feet into the blue of

heaven, thinned down until it is no more than the fine edge of a wedge protruding through slopes of snow that cling to its sides till its steepness will no longer permit the embrace, and flanked by the most stupendous gorges beyond which on every hand rises a wilderness of mountains reaching everywhere to the sky-line and rising in great steps along an untrodden way to an untouched peak . . . that was what the final climb in the conquest of Balfour meant to these undaunted mountaineers. It required tact, agility, and care; but it was not extremely difficult or dangerous. The only portion of the entire journey which appeared to hold out a threat of the possibility of failure was the approach from the *névé* to the final ridge. Had this been impossible, Balfour would not have been climbed that day, for no other feasible route was discernible.

By the time that the cairn, placed as evidence of the achievement, had been built and the names of the party, with the date, placed therein, it was four in the afternoon and it was necessary to make all haste compatible with safety in order to get off the rock and glacier and onto the forested slopes before nightfall. It was seven in the evening before they arrived at the brow of the glacier and another hour had passed before they gained the rock rim above Lake Margaret. Barely had the "ladder" been negotiated when darkness was upon them and at the first opportunity a fire was made, the remains of lunch devoured, and a fairly successful attempt made to snatch a little sleep. With the first faint light of dawn they were again afoot and heading for Hector Lake and the ford of the Bow River.

Meanwhile, I had returned to camp and spent the day in making all possible preparations for a return to civilization as soon as might be after the arrival of the climbers. Throughout the day I was busy getting ready for a quick trip through to Laggan, for the hours which my dudes had allotted for their expedition were fast running out and if their appointments were to be kept, they must very shortly be on their way East. Many times during the day I closely scanned the slopes of Balfour, hoping to observe some sign of any movement on the snow. Of course, I afterwards discovered that it would, in any event, have been impossible for me to see them as they were making their approach on the western side. I was still supremely confident that they would be successful, but I should have heartily

welcomed any indication that they were nearing their goal. As evening drew on, I decided to take some ponies across the river and go as far as Lake Margaret in the hope of giving them an agreeable surprise, knowing that they would be weary after their hours of continuous climbing. But though I waited until the fast darkening sky warned me that if I were to return to camp that night, I must be on my way, there was still no sign of the truants. Once again I sat by the campfire well into the night listening for the hail which would tell me that my charges were safely back and within sight of home. But it got late and I realized that, wherever they were, to travel through the bush was no longer possible and I reluctantly turned in for a few hours' sleep.

AT DAYBREAK I was up again, had the fire going and preparations for breakfast well under way when, to my great joy and relief, a shout from across the river shattered the morning silence. Hastily catching up the ponies, which had been picketed near camp, so that no time should be lost when they were required, I hustled them through the ford, delighted to note as I crossed that all four of the party were on the river bank safe and sound and looking little the worse for their experience. As I neared the farther shore, I knew that my presentiment had been fulfilled. The joyful expression on their faces told me that they had succeeded in their ambition; no men could have looked so happy had their venture terminated in failure. I asked no questions, jumped off the pony and silently shook hands with each of them. Then the torrent burst forth and each began to tell something about the trip. Soon we were in camp, where Wilfrid had breakfast ready to serve and, believe me, full justice was done to it. The inner man having been attended to, the cayuses were speedily packed and we commenced the last lap of our return journey to Laggan.

Our way lay through one of the most universally detested stretches of trail in the Rockies. From just below the Lower Bow (Hector) Lake to within a few miles of Laggan the trail (such as it was) ran through a gigantic blow-down. Many years previous the area had been devastated by a great forest fire, which had destroyed all green timber for several miles along the old trail. In the intervening years the second growth had sprung up almost

as thickly as the proverbial hairs on a dog's back. Meanwhile the burnt timber was being continually blown down by every successive windstorm, but there was still much left standing. The result was that the trail was continuously blocked by fallen, or leaning trees, crisscrossed in every direction and intermingled with the younger green timber. Every outfit passing that way had more or less trail cutting to do, depending on how much wind there had been since the last party went through, and the pack ponies were everlastingly tangling themselves in cul-de-sacs from which they had to be led out, with considerable profanity, it must be admitted. However, patience overcomes all difficulty, sooner or later, and at length we broke clear of the black inferno and the seemingly diabolical ingenuity with which, the more the traveller desired speed, the more he was impeded. Arrived at Laggan, the party wired Wilson to announce their safe return, then made all speed to the hotel for the blissful enjoyment of a bath and other comforts of civilization to which for three weeks they had been strangers. Wilfrid and I headed for the corrals, where we unpacked the ponies, turned them out to pasture, set up our tent and equipment, and prepared to loaf for two or three days until the arrival of our next assignment.

Morning found me waiting on the station platform to bid farewell to my dudes ere they boarded the train for the East and their respective homes. Some fifteen minutes before train time the hotel bus arrived and Mr. Noyes came immediately to meet me, shook hands with me and proceeded to pay me the greatest compliment that I have ever received. He said, "Ralph, we all want you to know how greatly we appreciate all you have done for us. By your energy, skill, and resourcefulness in the face of difficulty you turned what, at one time, promised to be a failure into a complete success, the most successful trip any of us has ever been on. We only wish that we were wealthier men that we might more adequately express our appreciation." I told him that I had only tried to give them the best service that I was capable of, and to have been out with them was a pleasure that I should never forget.

And then he told me a wonderful story, which completed the story of the ascent of Balfour and is one of the finest examples of unselfishness that has ever come to my

knowledge. It appeared that after I had left the party at the lower end of Turquoise Lake, they had all proceeded to the farther end, but there Nicholls stopped. "Boys," he said, "I am not going any farther with you." To their outcries of protest and astonishment he replied, "I believe that you will be successful in this attempt on Balfour, but only if I am not with you. I am getting on in years and my days of real climbing are behind me. I have had my share of success, and now I want you fellows to go ahead and make this climb. I have my lunch in my pocket and I shall be quite happy sitting here by this lovely lake, reading my pocket copy of the *Aeneid*. So go ahead and good luck go with you."

All attempts to induce him to change his mind were unavailing and at length the other three started on, leaving him to his lonely vigil. From five o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening that man sat there, following with his mind's eye the progress of his friends up the mountain and when they at length returned victorious, he could not have been more delighted had he himself been a member of the victorious party. Harry Nicholls, my hat is off to you, a very gallant gentleman.

All too soon the train drew in and it was time to say goodbye. With much handshaking and reiterated promises to maintain a correspondence, they boarded the train, and so passed from my sight the four finest men with whom it was ever my privilege to associate. The pleasantest memories of my pack train life centre on the hours spent in their company, and among my most cherished possessions are the letters which I regularly received from them until advancing age or the Reaper ended their earthly activities.

CHAPTER V

A MILLIONAIRE GOES A-HUNTING

MILLIONAIRES are kittle cattle. They are, as it were, a race set apart from the remainder of mankind. This is not so much through any desire of theirs to stand aloof from their fellows as it is the natural result of a disease . . . the disease of superabundant wealth, (one which, no doubt, many of the rest of us would have no objection to contracting). The fact that some individuals possess almost unlimited wealth causes the rest of humanity to treat them differently from the ordinary individuals. Their slightest wish is gratified almost before it is expressed. They receive so much adulatory service, their opinions are often so slavishly accepted as gospel truth, and they are so consistently catered to in every way that it is only the most level-headed men of opulence who are capable of keeping both feet on the ground and realizing that they, too, are human. And even these, more or less, subscribe to the belief that, so long as they are prepared to pay the price, no difficulty, however great, or any inconvenience to others, should be allowed to stand in the way of the attainment of their desires.

It was my lot to be associated with a gentleman of this class while I was employed as a guide by Tom Wilson. I had just returned to Laggan from a trip when Wilson informed me that he had a hunting trip for a party who wished to go after goat and bear. They would be ready to take the trail in a day or two and I was elected to take them out. He also said that we would go up to the hotel at Lake Louise on the following day and he would introduce me to the crowd. The party proved to consist of a Mr. Dickerson, a New York millionaire stockbroker, his friend, General Pearson, a retired officer of the United States army, and Mr. D's valet, a young Englishman named Arthur Stapley. Mr. D. was a moose of a man, standing fully six feet three and built in proportion, weighing well over 200 pounds. On further acquaintance he turned out to be not at all a bad sort, except that he could not forget his money or give up the idea that everything should be done for

him in just the way that he wanted it without the slightest regard for the effect on anyone else. The General was an entirely different type. He was a gentleman well on in years, much older than I should have expected to be taking part in the rough life and strenuous exercise of a hunting trip. When he came to know me better, however, he told me that he had come on the trip mainly because Mr. D. had urged him to accompany him, and furthermore, in the little-known country through which we were to travel, there was every probability of some excellent fishing and this was his favourite recreation. He was an extremely pleasant gentleman, without any trace of "side", and he neither expected, or wished, to have everything done for him. He much preferred to do things for himself, doubtless the result of his army training and his experiences when, as a young man, he had served through the Civil War. Stapley was a very agreeable, likeable chap. He proved to be good company and was both able and willing to turn his hand to almost anything.

Right at the start Mr. D. very nearly succeeded in getting off on the wrong foot with both Wilson and me. He treated Tom somewhat cavalierly and acknowledged my introduction to him much as if I were some type of insect that had just been brought to his notice and in which he was not particularly interested. However, that passed off all right and Mr. D. then asked Wilson how many men he proposed to send out. When Tom said that he was sending a guide, a second packer, and a cook, he informed us that this entourage would not be sufficient to satisfy him. First and foremost he demanded that an Indian accompany the party as hunter-in-chief, and all Wilson's assertions that I was quite capable of attending to the hunting only seemed to render him more stubborn. He declared that he would not stir a foot unless Wilson sent to the reserve at Morley for an Indian hunter. This, of course, Wilson agreed to do and a wire was sent at once to the Indian agent at Morley Indian Reserve asking him to send up a good hunter immediately. Wilson then suggested that the time of waiting might be profitably employed in getting the packs made up ready for the trail. Mr. D. agreed with this and sent for a flock of bell boys to bring out his personal belongings. When he finally announced that everything was there, Tom and I looked at the accumulation with

rather mixed feelings. We did not know whether to laugh or to swear. He had everything imaginable that should not have been there. There were two sleeping cots that folded up into a comparatively small compass, rubber mattresses and pillows, with an outsize bellows to inflate them, a couple of folding tables and several folding chairs, besides table linen and a plentiful supply of napkins. But the crowning glory was a fairly large folding sheet iron stove, together with six or eight lengths of three-inch stove pipe. We realized that it would be useless to try to convince Mr. D. that this sort of thing simply wasn't done, and all we could do was to apportion the various articles so that some semblance of a decent pack could be made.

Two days later our Indian hunter, an oldish chap named Simeon, who brought with him one of his sons, arrived, and final preparations were made for a start the following morning. According to the schedule laid out by Wilson, we were to go up the Pipestone, cross the Pipestone Pass and down the Siffleur to its junction with the Saskatchewan River. We were then to strike west up the Saskatchewan to the Middle Fork and Glacier Lake, reputed to be good goat country, return to Bear Creek (Mistaya), ascend that river to its source on the Bow Pass, and follow the Bow River home to Laggan.

WITH sixteen pack ponies and nine saddle horses we formed quite an imposing cavalcade, and I could foresee plenty of early morning horse hunting for me and my second packer. As there were not enough horses in my string to take care of the outfit, Wilson had been obliged to add to it by borrowing cayuses from other guides' strings. As a result, when they were turned out to pasture at night, the horses would not all feed together, but would break up, the horses belonging to the various strings keeping together and feeding in separate groups. Each bunch would have to be found in the morning and driven in with the others, thus taking a great deal more time and trouble than when the whole outfit fed together. About noon we left Laggan and started making our way through the brûlé which covered the ridge through which the Pipestone Canyon forms an outlet for the river. This brûlé had to be crossed in order to reach the main valley of the Pipestone and the network of burned and fallen trees provided plenty of opportunities for exercise. The cayuses

scattered in every direction, each picking its own way through the mess, and we were all kept busy collecting them together again, but eventually we pushed through and came out into the valley of the Pipestone. After going up stream a short distance, we stopped to make camp on a sheltered flat.

Tents were soon up, ponies unpacked, supper in process of preparation and everything was being made snug for the night. But after Stapley had got the dudes' cots set up, the mattresses and pillows inflated and beds made, he made an awful discovery; the heater had arrived all right, but by some mischance the stovepipes had not been brought. Mr. D. was quite upset and said that someone would have to go back for them in the morning, as he did not intend to go on without them. He had to sit by the campfire with the rest of us until bedtime. The General seemed to enjoy this greatly and made himself very popular with the gang, telling stories of his war experiences.

After breakfast next morning I saddled up and went back to Laggan to hunt up the missing stove pipes. On arrival there I found that we could not be blamed for the oversight (much as we might have desired it) as they had not been brought down from the hotel. When I reached camp shortly before supper, Stapley and I got busy and soon had the little heater going merrily, much to Mr. D's satisfaction. After supper Mr. D. and the General were happily enjoying the comfort of their tent, the Indians were squatting in the doorway of their teepee and the rest of us were lounging and chatting around the campfire, when suddenly a large, black bear came out from the brush across the river onto some open ground. Simeon made one dive into the teepee and came up with his rifle before any one else had recovered from his surprise. Stepping forward a few paces, he fired. The bear dropped, only to get up again at once; but another shot from Simeon put him down again, and this time he stayed down. Without any hesitation Simeon and his son pulled off their trousers, plunged into the creek and waded across. Once on the farther side they advanced with due caution, ready to shoot on the slightest movement, but it soon became evident that the bear was quite dead and Simeon and the boy proceeded to get it skinned. This took some time, as the bear was large and heavy, and by the time the job was completed

it was nearly dark. The two Indians again forded the river, carrying the pelt and the head with them. They spoke to no one, but went directly to their teepee, took the bearskin in with them and closed up the door.

Mr. D. asked me why they did not bring the trophy to him, as he was their employer, and I replied that Simeon probably intended to keep it himself, it being the rule among the Indians that any game and all that went with it is the property of the man first wounding it. Mr. D. couldn't see it that way, claiming that Simeon was working for him and was hired to hunt game for him, Mr. D., and not for himself. However, he said that it could wait until the morning and then he would speak to the Indians.

After a hasty breakfast Simeon and his son started to saddle their ponies. Mr. D. walked over to them and asked them what they were going to do, and Simeon replied curtly, "Me go home." Mr. D. told him that was all right, he could go if he wished to, but that he must leave the bearskin behind him, as it was not his. Simeon answered, "No, me shoot, me take," and proceeded, with the boy's help, to get the pelt tied on the back of his saddle. He came over to me, shook hands and said, "Goodbye, I go Morley." And the two mounted and set out on the back trail for Laggan. Mr. D. then told me that he would stay in camp another day as he wished me to take a letter for Tom Wilson, describing the occurrence, into Laggan and mail it. So another day went by and still we were only a little more than half a day out of Laggan, though it was three days since we had left. Next day, however, there was no reason for any further delay, and getting away from camp at a reasonably early hour, we made good progress up the Pipestone without any untoward incident.

That afternoon I made camp on an island flat at the confluence of the Little Pipestone with the main river and which was a camp ground regularly used for the second night out of Laggan. This flat I had very good reason to remember. On my first trip up the Pipestone in the spring I had, as usual, camped on this spot and one of my ponies had, during the night, been unfortunate enough to poison himself by eating some wild parsnip. It had not killed him, but in the morning he could not get on his feet, let alone travel, so I was obliged to leave him behind. As I thought that he might possibly get over it, I did not shoot him, but

left him lying there to take his chances, hanging his packsaddle in a tree and distributing his pack among the other ponies. As soon as I returned to Laggan from the trip, I rode out to bring in the packsaddle and naturally went to see how the cayuse had fared. The sign showed that he had evidently recovered from the poison, but this had not done him much good as he had been attacked by a huge grizzly bear. The poor pony had put up a terrific fight for his life, but it was unavailing against the bear's powerful onslaught. Not only had the grizzly killed him, but he had literally torn him to pieces and scattered his dismembered parts over a considerable area. Naturally I was interested in this monster of a bear and spent some time checking up on him. He had a trail, which he apparently used regularly, leading into the valley of the Little Pipestone on which the low brush was beaten down wide enough to admit the passage of a team of horses, while his footprints, which were so large that an ordinary, large, tin dinner plate failed to cover them. I admitted to myself that I had never seen or even heard of so mighty an animal and that I had no particular desire to meet him, especially when I was alone. But now that I had returned with a strong party, ostensibly with the avowed idea of hunting bear, I was quite willing to call on him and make his acquaintance.

Consequently, after supper that evening I invited Mr. D. to come for a short walk with me and took him to the farther end of the island where I showed him the remains of the pony and the other signs which indicated what had taken place. He wanted to know what all this meant and I gave him the whole story. In conclusion I said, "Now here we have the biggest grizzly that I have ever heard of. If you like to lay over for a day, we will go up the Little Pipestone and we can get one of the finest trophies any one could wish for. Believe me, that fellow is no slouch; he is a fighter and when he finds us invading his territory, he will come out a-roaring. There are five rifles in the gang and we will get him as sure as shooting."

Mr. D. looked long at the bear sign and finally said, "I would sooner go on a little further before starting to hunt." Of course I could do nothing else than acquiesce, but I realized then and there what type of hunting party

I had with me . . . one that expected all the hunting to be done by the hired help.

THE NEXT DAY was quite uneventful, except that we saw the last of the stove and stove pipe. Three days of travel on a tightly roped pack had reduced the stove pipes to no more than a bent and twisted mass of sheet iron. Even Mr. D. recognized the futility of any attempt to do anything with it and finally told Stapely to throw the whole thing in the bush. Camp was made that night at the very headwaters of the Pipestone, in a comfortable little grove of trees at the foot of the steep rise to the Pass itself.

On arising in the morning we found that the weather had changed for the worse. Up till now we had been enjoying perfect summer days, but we awoke to find the skies clouded over and the mountain peaks shrouded in mist. By the time that breakfast was over and we were ready to start to pack the cayuses, a very fine, light drizzle was falling and I asked Mr. D. whether, in the face of a probable wet day, he thought it wise to tackle the thirteen miles of open pass which would have to be traversed before we could make camp or even make a fire. He said that he did not think the rain was going to amount to much and that he would like to go on. By the time that the packs were on, it was really raining, which did not improve the footing and both men and cayuses found considerable difficulty in negotiating the very steep climb up from the valley to the pass. Eventually we got to the top, only to find that at this high altitude (about 8,000 feet above sea level) the rain was changing to snow, and things were fast becoming decidedly unpleasant.

As we proceeded along the open pass, we could not fail to note how short the summer was at this elevation and the almost alarming rapidity with which the entire aspect of the terrain changed with the approach of autumn and winter. On my previous trips over the Pipestone Pass I had gone through at either the very end of June, in July, or during the first week of August; then the whole Pass, except the absolutely barren rock, had been one glorious blaze of colour and had been so thickly carpeted with the loveliest flowers that it was impossible to avoid treading them under foot at every step, desecration though it seemed to be. But here, in the last three or four days of August, we were travelling right in the face of a blizzard hurtling

out of the great North. The wind, too, increased in volume as we advanced along the pass and though there was no likelihood of anything disastrous occurring, I began to wish heartily that I had refused to travel under the prevailing conditions. The farther we went, the worse it seemed to get. It was too cold to ride and I walked along at the head of the procession, crouching on the lee side of the pony, just about as wet and miserable as I wanted to be. Visibility was reduced almost to the vanishing point by the driving snow and with the wind in my face I could hear no sound of the pack train behind me. After going some two or three miles in this way, I mustered up enough energy to look back and see how everything was coming along. It was quite a sight: everybody, from Mr. D. down, was crawling along, sheltering as much as possible behind a pony and its pack and looking as completely wretched and disgusted as human beings could look. So utterly disconsolate did they all appear that I figured they were more uncomfortable than I was. This perked me up so much that I involuntarily straightened up, and even managed to laugh at them. Probably some subconscious idea that as the leader, I ought to set some kind of an example. It was very disagreeable, but there was nothing to be done about it. One just had to take it as it came. Probably the worst feature was the impossibility of making a pot of hot tea, for there was neither fuel nor water to be found for miles and it would have been no pleasure to stop for one anyway. So we just kept plugging along. As the afternoon wore on, the pass began to dip toward the Siffleur valley to the north. Before very long the remarkable dwarfed trees, which have been mentioned in an account of another trip, began to appear, giving promise that soon we should be among timber. As if the weather man realized that he had done his best, or worst, and had accomplished nothing, the storm began to slacken; spots of blue sky appeared; the snow ceased, and by the time we came to the first crossing of the Siffleur, where we proposed to camp, the weather had completely cleared and we had the pleasure of making camp on a really perfect evening.

THERE was considerable trouble next morning in collecting the ponies. The feed was pretty well scattered among the timber and the different little bunches of cayuses had wandered all over the valley during the

night. This meant that it was well on in the morning before we were ready to take the trail again. Travelling down the Siffleur, I saw that deer tracks were quite plentiful and I also noticed the track of a large moose in the neighbourhood of some swampy ground. We camped for the night on the bank of the river a little north of the confluence of the Dolomite Creek with the Siffleur. Next morning, as we were getting breakfast, I observed quite a number of Rocky Mountain goat well up among the rocks on the mountain east of our camp. While we were packing the cayuses, Stapley, who had developed into a good second packer and assisted me on the off side whenever opportunity offered, remarked that it was a pity that there was no game in the valley as it was such a lovely place to camp. In a manner which I am afraid was more forcible than polite, owing to the fact that I was well aware that Mr. D. was standing right behind me, I told him that the valley held several kinds of game, that I had seen a number of goats on the hillside that morning, but that no one who knew anything about hunting would travel with a pack train all day through a valley, men shouting, bells ringing and brush cracking, alarming every living thing for miles around, and then expect, a short time after making camp, to find game waiting within a short distance. I reiterated that we could get game right in that valley, but not by carrying on in the way we were.

When I at length ran out of breath Mr. D. stepped forward and asked me if I would like to go after some goat and I answered that I most certainly would.

"All right," said Mr. D., "You can go and see what you can get and we will move slowly down the valley for three or four miles and camp again." I replied that that would be fine, but that I would like him to come with me, as there was no sense in going alone when there were so many in the party. But Mr. D. said, "No, I don't believe there is any game here and I don't feel like climbing all over a mountain for nothing."

I then asked the General if he would come and he replied, "My boy, there is nothing that I would like better than to go with you, but I am getting too old for that sort of thing and I should only be a hindrance to you and probably play myself out as well."

Meanwhile I had noticed some pleading glances from Stapley, so I nodded to him and he at once asked Mr. D. if he might be spared as he would very much like to go with me. Mr. D. agreed willingly and, after getting our rifles and some ammunition out of the packs and finishing the packing, Arthur and I saw the party start down the trail and then we headed up the mountain where I had seen the goats at breakfast time.

As we went along, I explained to Arthur that in goat hunting it was vital to get above them, as when alarmed, they would hurry up the rocks at a great rate if they were attacked from below, but if the hunters were above them they did not seem to know what to do and there was a much better chance of getting your game. "So," I said, "until we get somewhere near the edge of timber, we will travel the easiest way, without too much noise, then when we are coming to open country we will get down into a gully and try to pass them without being seen and then climb out on the ridge above them."

We went on in this manner until the thinning out of the trees gave us warning that we should soon be out on the bare slope, and we slid quietly down into the rocky gully to our right. Keeping as quiet as possible, we made our way up the ravine for quite a while and at length reached the end of the gully at the base of a high wall of rock. We were now forced to climb out on the ridge and we hoped that we had gone far enough to be higher up the mountain than where the goats had been feeding and that nothing had happened to disturb them. We scrambled up the side of the gully as quietly as possible and came out on the ridge on a small cliff-like bench some six feet in height. We were just in time, for to our great surprise we came over the rim of the ravine into the middle of the flock of goats. Five or six of them were already making their way up the cliffs above us and seven more were slowly coming up the ridge below us. These latter were as much astonished as we were when we appeared among them and for a moment or two stood motionless.

"Now, Arthur," I said, "all we want is one each. Pick a young billy with a good head."

We both fired at the same time and, very much to my disgust, we both missed. I made no mistake with my second shot and my billy went down to stay down. Arthur had a

little better success; this time he wounded his goat, but only slightly. However, it was enough to discourage him from trying to get past us, and he headed down hill at a lumbering kind of gallop. We made no effort to stop the other goats' escaping and they soon were hastening up the cliff after their fellows. Arthur asked me not to do any shooting, but to let him get the goat himself, so I sat down on a rock and watched while he blazed away at the retreating goat. By now he was over a quarter of a mile away and had reached the edge of the timber. He did not enter it, however, but turned to the right and headed towards the ravine on the further side of the ridge. Stapley by now had fired six or seven times without result and at last he shouted across to me to get the goat before he escaped. For the black powder of those days this was a rather long shot, but I put the sights up to 600 yards, lay down on a rock and started shooting. I fired three shots and each time the billy dropped, but was instantly up again and striving to reach the gully, his intention being to go up the gully and reach the cliffs above. Just as he got to the edge I fired again, but the bullet struck just under him. However, by now he was staggering badly and I felt sure that he was not going to get away, so I called to Arthur and we went down into the gully. The goat had disappeared. It seemed unbelievable; he had not been out of our sight more than two minutes and yet he was nowhere to be seen. We spent nearly two hours searching for him among the rocks and inspecting closely the small area in which he had disappeared. Just as we were about to give up, we spotted something white between two huge white boulders. It proved to be Mr. Billy, very dead indeed. He had got down into the gully and, while out of our sight for a moment, felt his end approaching, and with his instinct of self-preservation, had forced his way among the rocks that matched his own colour, only to collapse and die. We soon dragged him out and stood amazed; the vitality of that goat was astounding. All my three shots had hit him in the stomach. Where they entered on his right side there were three little holes about the size of a lead pencil, all within an inch or two of each other. The bullets went right through him and came out on his left side. In the centre of his flank there was a patch some twelve to fifteen inches square on which not a vestige of skin remained,

and the greater part of the flesh had been torn completely off the ribs; the paunch had been literally blown to bits. How that goat had managed to get to his feet and continue travelling in the condition that he was in will ever be a mystery to me. But there was no time for speculation as it was now late in the afternoon, so hurriedly piling loose rocks over the body to keep it as safely as possible until we could return, we went back up the ridge to my goat. We skinned it and took the head, the tenderloin, and one hind quarter, and after covering the remainder in the same way as the other goat, we headed down the mountain.

We had to make camp before dark and we did not even know where it was. But we were fortunate, we went right down to the trail and came on the camp in not much more than two miles. The cook was getting supper and we turned the tenderloin over to him with instructions not to tell the dudes what it was. He told us the General and Mr. D. had gone fishing, and just as supper was ready they turned up with a few nice, pan-sized trout. Mr. D. asked what luck we had had and I said that it was not as good as it might have been. Mr. D. said, "I was afraid so when we heard so much shooting." Presently Mr. D. began to wonder what he was eating and asked the cook what he had done to the bacon. The cook just grinned and looked at me, so I had to own up that we had got two goats, though as I said, our luck might have been better as we saw thirteen animals and only got two. Mr. D. was a little annoyed for a minute or two at being chaffed, but he soon got over it and was highly pleased when, after supper, I turned the goat skin and a really nice head over to him.

I cleaned the head fairly well that night and rubbed plenty of salt on the inner side of the hide so that it would keep all right till we got home. Next day Arthur and I went up the mountain again and brought down the skin and head of the other goat and the greater part of the best meat, which was a very welcome addition to our menu, relieving us from the necessity of continually eating the everlasting bacon.

OUR NEXT CAMP was made at the junction of the Siffleur with the North Saskatchewan River. This was an ideal camping spot, with unlimited feed for the ponies, level ground for the tents, and a very plentiful supply of dry wood right at hand. In the evening the General an-

nounced that he was going to do some fishing. Mr. D. did not seem to be greatly enthused about angling, but suggested that we take our guns and see if we could run across some kind of game. This suited me very well, because it showed that he was gradually beginning to realize that he was in fairly good game country, but that he would have to go after it; it was no use expecting to travel all day and then sit around camp and have game come quietly walking up asking to be shot.

So away we went, following down the main river at the edge of the timber. Deer tracks were quite plentiful and an occasional elk footprint was noticed, but we saw nothing and were just about to give up and retrace our steps when I thought that I detected some movement in the bush a little ahead of us. We advanced with due caution and soon were able to see a large black bear industriously tearing a rotten log to pieces in a search for ants and ants' eggs, esteemed a great delicacy by bears. The bear was partially hidden by the fallen log and by some brush, so Mr. D. went quietly forward in the hopes of being able to get a better shot. I, being merely the guide and hunter, and therefore not supposed to go into action unless the dude got into difficulty or danger, just trailed along behind. When he had got within about 100 yards, Mr. D. determined to risk a shot, being afraid that if Bruin spotted him he would decamp into the woods. He apparently hit the bear, but not seriously, for the animal jumped, took one look, and set out for the timber. Fearful of losing him, Mr. D. fired again and this time wounded him more or less severely. The bear evidently considered that this had gone beyond a joke and instead of trying to escape, turned and headed straight for us, snarling as he came. Not knowing what Mr. D.'s reaction to this change of front on the part of the bear might be, I stepped up close to him, ready to join in the fray if the necessity arose. But I need not have bothered, Mr. D. stood his ground and, waiting until the bear was reasonably close and in the open, fired a third time. This struck him in a vital spot. He dropped in his tracks, and though he was not quite dead when we got to him, it was only a matter of a minute or two.

He was quite a big bear and in splendid condition, though he seemed to be rather old, for which reason we

did not take any of the meat. The skin, especially considering that it was a summer pelt, was in excellent shape; there were no bare patches and the hair was firmly rooted and not liable to fall out if properly looked after. We got busy skinning the bear and taking the head and during the process we discovered that Mr. D.'s first shot had just scraped the bear's rump, barely touching the flesh, but cutting a small groove in the hide. When all was done, I went to camp and brought out the quietest pony in the outfit to bring in the pelt, but even so it took a lot of labour and patience to get the skin on the packsaddle and lash it before the pony could throw it off.

There is another side to the hunting game, though. To go out, stalk your game under difficult circumstances, do some good shooting, and then come home with a near-record trophy to display to one's admiring friends is not all there is to it. In support of this statement I would remind the reader that when we got back to camp I set our excellent handy-man, Jack Fletcher, to work scraping and salting the bearskin, while I busied myself cleaning the skull and scalp. These tasks kept us fully occupied until it was time to crawl into the blankets.

Mr. D. now decided to make a slight change in the plan of his itinerary. Instead of going up the Saskatchewan to Bear Creek and following that stream up to the Bow Pass, he wished us to retrace our steps up the Siffleur to the junction of the Dolomite Creek and then duplicate the trip which I had made with the Noyes party some years previously at the time when the Dolomite Pass was first discovered and crossed. He said that the description of that trip, which I had given him one evening, had inspired him with a strong desire to see this grand, practically unknown, out-of-the-way section of the mountains. I pointed out to him that it was very definitely not a game country and reminded him that on my previous trip through the area we had not seen a single living thing, with the exception of a marmot or two, high up in the rocks, after we left Lake Isabella until we entered the Bow Valley. Mr. D. said, however, that he was quite satisfied; he had got the game he came after and he was really anxious to penetrate this wild terrain. That, of course, settled the matter and we turned back up the Siffleur and then branched off up the Dolomite Creek.

THIS TRIP was very different from my other trip as we knew exactly where we were, where we were going and where we should come out, but there were the same difficulties to be surmounted. The only variation in the journey was that, owing to the much larger pack train, it took considerably longer to negotiate the bad spots. In fact, it took all one morning to get over the big rock slide, but once again, by allowing the cayuses to take their time and pick their own way, we went across without mishap. Mr. D. was delighted with the country, saying that it was the wildest spot that he had ever been in and that if he had not seen it happen, he would not have thought it possible to take horses through without disaster. We camped once more on the shore of lovely Lake Katherine and three days after we had turned our backs on the Saskatchewan, we were once more at my old camp ground on the Bow Lake.

During the latter part of the trip Mr. D. had become very friendly. In all probability the loss of his tent stove had been a blessing in disguise, because, if he wished to be comfortable in the evenings, he had to sit around the camp-fire with the rest of us and he seemed to have discovered that his "hired help" were not the ignorant roughnecks that he had imagined them to be. He was quite honestly surprised to find that several of the guides and packers of Banff had a college or university education and could discourse on many subjects with credit to themselves. As a result of this our evenings were very pleasantly spent. At times Mr. D. would reminisce with the General and we would sit and listen to stories of million dollar deals, of the rigging of the market, the manipulation of stocks, and the making and losing of huge fortunes in a single day. At other times the General would entertain us with the recital of the more spectacular incidents of his Civil War career, and again Mr. D. would ask me to relate some of my own experiences on trips of various kinds through the mountains.

On this particular evening Mr. D. told us of a hunting trip that he had taken in British Columbia the previous year. He related one incident which was rather typical of those far-off days, but which would be very unlikely to occur in these more prosaic times. They were riding along a trail in the heart of the Cassiar country when they were

suddenly confronted by a long-haired, bearded, rather wild-looking, elderly man, with a rifle in the crook of his arm. Standing squarely on the trail he stopped the party, gruffly demanding to know who they were, what they wanted, and where they were going. The guide told him that they were a hunting party just riding through the valley and headed for a certain river. Watching them closely and with an air of being ready to go into action at a moment's notice, this peculiar specimen of humanity considered this answer for some time and finally said, "Well, you can go through, but don't you camp in this valley or try to do any hunting. This is my country and I don't allow anybody to hunt in it." When asked who he was, he replied that his name was Death-on-the-Trail, and that he was certain and sudden death to any one who attempted to meddle with him and to disregard his orders. Then, stepping aside, he let the party pass on, watching them out of sight. They saw no more of him.

At this time there were several of these queer characters to be met with in out-of-the-way parts of the back country, far from civilisation. They were all old trappers or prospectors and years of solitude, sometimes without even a dog for company, had caused them to become more or less mentally deranged. Curiously enough, their hallucinations nearly always followed the same lines. They had most remarkable ideas as to their sole and complete ownership of the section of the country in which they dwelt, and fully believed that they had every right to prevent the intrusion of strangers by any and all means. They were generally harmless, unless deliberately crossed, but a few were dangerous. Unfortunately, as these latter had no known relatives, or any one who would be responsible for them, nothing was done and they were not placed under any restraint until they had committed some act of violence and probably taken the life of someone whom they regarded as a trespasser and a violator of their rights.

A NOTE in my diary recalls the charming memory of that evening, spent beside that sparkling sapphire of the hills. If anything were needed to enhance the enthralling beauty of the Bow Lake, that want was supplied by the glorious harvest moon riding high on the unclouded velvet of the night and illuminating the entire scene with its magic beams. Glacier and snow cap shone forth as

clearly as though etched by the engraving tool of a titanic artist. The ice walls of the glaciers gleamed like purest jade, while the garment of snow which clothed the mountain crests sparkled and shone under the moon's rays like burnished silver. Everywhere was silence, broken only at long intervals by the tinkle of a pony's bell or the splash of a restless trout. It was as though a world had hushed its clamor to listen and gaze enraptured on this scene of overwhelming beauty. But tomorrow was another day and morning would be upon us all too soon, so, unwillingly, we turned from this elfin loveliness to seek our pine bough couches and, in the dreamless slumber of the mountain trails, await the coming of the dawn.

Delay in rounding up cayuses scattered over the lush pasture caused a belated start and the morning was well advanced when we finally started on our homeward way. It was our intention to camp that night at Mosquito Creek and make the final stage into Laggan on the following day. Mosquito Creek, to give it its official name, is called No-see-um Creek by the Stony Indians. No-see-um is the tiny, black, sandfly which is even a more aggravating pest than the mosquito. It appears to be especially attentive to any body openings and attacks eyes, ears, and nose most viciously, while anyone who is so unwise as to open his mouth when in no-see-um territory is almost certain to get two or three down his throat. The bites produce swellings out of all proportion to the size of the insects inflicting them, and I have seen men completely blinded for two or three days as the result of their attacks. Why this creek should have been given these names by whites and Indians is hard to understand, as the country in this neighbourhood is singularly free from these pests. But, by way of compensation, it is infested by bulldogs (horseflies, to you): big, burly, black brutes that will bite a small steak off the back of your neck before you are aware that they are there, and can change a peaceful, somnolent pony in the twinkling of an eye into a raging maniac. It is really pitiful at times, when these pests are thick and the days are hot, to see them select spots on a cayuse which he can reach with neither his tail nor his mouth, and then settle thereon in groups as if for lunch or afternoon tea. It is a blessing that mosquitoes and bulldogs work on different shifts, the bulldog operating on the daytime and the mosquitoes taking

over before sunrise or after sunset. I have often noticed the earliest bulldog chasing the last straggling mosquito down the trail in the morning, and the mosquito reversing the process in the evening! But today there was a nice breeze and the flies and insects did not have things all their own way, so we rode along in comfort.

Now, some distance north of Mosquito Creek there lies a very beautiful stretch of country which in those days was known to us as Bow Park. The valley between the foothills of the massif of Mt. Molar and the Bow River is very wide and level, free from muskeg or thick brush, and well carpeted with luxuriant grass, making an ideal pasture for ponies. The timber is not thick, but here and there, at wide intervals, stand tall and stately spruce and fir trees. In fact, one could readily believe that the entire terrain had been laid out by some gifted landscape gardener. When we reached this park-like area, Mr. D. rode up to me and asked me whether I thought that we could make Laggan from there in one day. He said that he would like to spend the rest of the day in this lovely place. I told him that would be fine, and that I would get them to Laggan in time for the evening train, even if I had to rout them out in the middle of the night to do it.

So, doubtless to the amazement and delight of the cayuses, we started to unpack. The dudes collected their fishing tackle and announced that they were going to try to find some fish for supper in the Bow River. Camp was soon set up and, after picketing out the most confirmed ramblers in the string so that there should be no lost time in the morning, I was able for once to enjoy that very rare experience in the life of a guide and packer, a long afternoon loaf.

When the cook had supper nearly ready and there was no sign of our fishermen, I thought I had better go and find them as they had probably lost all count of time in the enjoyment of their sport. I located them at a quiet, big pool not far from camp. They told me that they had been there ever since leaving camp and had fished there steadily for over three hours. But, though plenty of fish could be seen plainly, moving in the deep, clear water, they had not been successful in getting a single rise. I said that I thought very likely it was still too hot and that later on, when the evening got cooler, they would probably have

better success. They had tried every fly in their flybooks, had caught bulldogs, bugs, grasshoppers and other kinds of insects. They had even tried using bits of bacon and goat meat, but the result was always the same; the fish refused to pay the slightest attention to any of their lures. Before starting back for supper the General said that he was going to try one more cast with the only kind of bait that he had not used. This was a small spinning minnow. Without any great enthusiasm the General made his cast, and the bait had barely touched the water when — zing — out went the line across the pool, with a leaping, fighting trout of considerable size at the end of it. For the next ten or fifteen minutes the General was as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger, but at last the trout had had all he could take and was slowly reeled in and brought to the net. As soon as he was landed and off the hook, out came the General's pocket scales and his prize was found to weigh five and a half pounds. As may be imagined, no time was lost in getting to camp, where the cook was just beginning to wonder what had happened to all of us.

SUPPER was speedily disposed of and the General, Mr. D., and myself hastened back to the scene of action. Now that they had discovered what the fish wanted, there was no lack of sport. First one speckled beauty and then another was hooked, played, and finally landed. Some of these trout were far beyond the average size and could be depended upon to put up a fight in proportion. I had quite a busy evening, handling the net and, after the catch had been duly weighed and the poundage recorded in the General's notebook, cleaning the fish. Several of the fish were really big fellows, some going eight and nine pounds. All small fish, that is, fish not weighing more than three or four pounds, were carefully returned to the water and after a while, the General, who was a mine of information on such subjects, told us that he believed that we were well on the way to making some sort of record. According to the General, the world's record for brook trout at that time was eleven fish weighing eighty-two and a half pounds. Gauging things by the kind of fish that we were catching, the General evidently had hopes of topping that record, so only the larger fish were retained, the smaller ones being carefully put back in the water.

But it was rapidly getting dark and the trout were no longer rising avidly to the lure. We had ten fish weighing seventy-eight and a half pounds, four of these exceeding nine pounds each. One five-pound fish would have been sufficient to fill the General's bosom with joy. But it was not so written in the book of fate and the best we could do was one more small fellow, that is in comparison, for he scaled only three pounds and a half, bringing our total catch to eighty-two pounds. With that we had to be satisfied and by that slight difference fell short of making angling history. Still it was a marvellous evening, and though many many fish have gone into my creel since then, years of angling have never provided quite the thrill that I experienced that evening in Bow Park. Before breakfast next morning the General photographed Mr. D. holding the two largest fish. Mr. D. was, as I have said, a very tall man, fully three inches over six feet. He held the fish with his fingers hooked in their gills and slightly crooked his arms, yet their tails still reached the ground, and from this an idea of their size may be gained.

We now plunged into the tangle of muskeg and burnt timber which featured the final drive to Laggan. But the trail was plain and practically clear, so we were able to go through without anything to delay us. As it was impossible to get off the trail, I let some of the others do the leading and I acted as herder at the tail end of the procession. About half way through the timber one of the packs showed signs of becoming loose and so, allowing the rest of the string to go ahead, I stopped to tighten up the lash rope. The job done I started off to catch up with the others and as I rode along I noticed some little distance ahead on the trail a great grey owl apparently sitting on a broken sapling. I was surprised at seeing one of these night predators abroad in daylight and wondered if he were dazzled by the sunlight so that he was afraid to fly. I felt sure(however, that he would be startled as I came near him and would make some move to get away; but he remained perfectly still and it was not until I rode alongside of him that I discovered the reason for this strange behaviour. He was dead, very dead, and had been so for a long time for his eyes were dried up to almost nothing and were sunk far back in their sockets. On closer inspection I found that he had evidently been caught alive, a

young tree had been cut off at about man height and the stake trimmed with an axe to a sharp point. The unfortunate bird had then been forcibly impaled upon the tree, the point of the stake been forced into the rectum and the owl left there to die miserably of starvation and pain.

I knew at once that this had something to do with some Indian superstition, and at the first opportunity I asked one of my Stony Indian friends why the poor bird had been killed so cruelly. He said, "Bad man, he die, him spirit go for live in big owl. Somebody he catchum owl, fixum, spirit no can get out, bimeby, when owl die, spirit die too, no do bad to anybody any more. Finish."

We reached Laggan with more than an hour to spare before the east-bound train arrived; plenty of time to unpack, gather up the dudes' baggage and sack up the trophies. We parted the best of friends and with mutual expressions of goodwill and regrets that our acquaintance had come to an end. The General had always been charming and Mr. D. had improved tremendously on acquaintance. After he realized that his money did not count for anything in the hills and that mountain life and city life followed two entirely different trails, and that it was a serious mistake to try to follow both, he became a very congenial companion. I should have welcomed the opportunity to take him into the hills on another hunting trip at some future date, but so far as I know, he never returned to Banff and, as our ways lay far apart, I never heard of him again.

CHAPTER VI

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN — AND DOES

THE LIFE of a tourist guide and hunter in these prosaic days can not be expected to furnish many thrills, at any rate to the guide, but in the good old times that I am describing, when the mountain air was still undefiled by the fumes of gasoline or the stench of burning oil, it was different. Then a guide picked up his party at some lonely station or water tank in the hills and, plunging into a country of rocky fastnesses and rushing waters, the guide and the dudes, for whose safety he was responsible, were as lost to civilization as though they had been transferred to another planet. Then almost anything might, and sometimes did, happen. The guides and hunters of the Canadian Rockies can make the proud boast that no life that was entrusted to their charge has ever been sacrificed, nor even serious injury received, through carelessness, inefficiency or cowardice, but explorers have not infrequently been placed in positions of considerable danger, through circumstances which could not possibly have been foreseen. Naturally it was the guide who assumed the greatest risk and, leading the way over dim or dangerous trails, with responsibility pressing upon his shoulders and with nothing on which to depend other than his own knowledge and resourcefulness, there were occasions which might well cause him to ask himself subconsciously whether his next utterance might not be "Good morning, Peter."

During the years of which I have been writing in preceding chapters, when I was earning my bacon and bannock as guide and packer for the genial Tom Wilson, now long departed to the happy hunting grounds, I had several thrilling experiences and though the danger often was quickly past, or I should not be thus reminiscing, the memory of them will endure as long as I live.

One such occasion, which I recall most vividly, occurred when I was guiding a German count to the headwaters of the Red Deer River in quest of a good Rocky Mountain sheep head. We had reached our objective, obtained our head, and started on the return journey to Banff, with

nothing out of the ordinary taking place. But on the first night of our homeward trip it poured with rain and continued into the morning so heavily that we remained in our tent without attempting to break camp. Shortly before noon the rain ceased and the sun broke through. As the count's time was somewhat limited, we decided, late as it was, to make a start, so rounding up the cayuses and hastily packing, we again started on the backward track. The trail led up Canyon Creek, a short, but turbulent stream, which for the whole of its course from the Panther divide to the Big Red Deer River flows through a precipitous, thousand-foot cleft in the mountains. In order to traverse this creek, the trail, of necessity, lies well above timber line and for the first half-mile or so after leaving the Red Deer stands almost straight on end, finally emerging above the canyon onto a seemingly endless succession of beautiful, rounded, grass-covered knolls. This day, however, the knolls did not look so beautiful to us, for the rain in the valley had been snow at this altitude and the luxuriant grass, which through the long summer days had attained a length of nearly two feet, was beaten down under three or four inches of wet snow and spread completely over the narrow game trail we were following. Sensing the danger of a slip in such a place, I decided to trust to my own feet rather than to those of the cayuse, and advised my companion to do likewise. We did this and had proceeded about half way to the divide without incident, other than getting our feet and legs extremely wet, when without the slightest warning, my feet shot from under me and I started sliding down the hillside at a great rate. As if that were not sufficient, at that precise moment a similar misfortune befell my saddle pony and we were catapulting down the steep, snowy, grass slope which ended two hundred feet below in a thousand-foot drop into oblivion. On the principle, I suppose, of the drowning man clutching at straws, I held on tightly to the pony's hackamore rope, by which I had been leading him, while with the other hand I grabbed frantically at the long, wet blades of grass. Two or three efforts proved futile, everything slipping through my soaking fingers, but after what seemed like a lifetime, during which I imagined that I must almost have reached the jumping-off place, I gripped a large handful of the tough stems, and praise be, it held. Just a fraction of a second more and my toes were dug

deeply into the soft earth beneath, and then I dared to breathe.

Meanwhile the cayuse, checked momentarily by my grip on the hackamore rope, was successful in his efforts to regain his feet. With infinite caution we traversed the distance between our halting place and the comparative safety of the treacherous trail and then, and not until then, did I fully realize the awful predicament from which we had escaped. How I looked I do not know, but if I looked worse than the dude, which I probably did, I must have been a sight. I never saw another face from which the colour had been so completely drained and I shall never forget the tremulous, horrorstruck tones in which he said, "I turned my head, I could not look."

You may be assured that it was a very sober and a very careful guide who led the way over the rest of that canyon trail and though no power on earth could have persuaded me to admit it, I do not believe that I felt completely comfortable until the divide was crossed and the trail which had so nearly become my final one had become "just one of those things".

AMONG the various duties pertaining to the outfitting and packing business is that of freighting in supplies and equipment to mining claims which have not yet attained the dignity of mines, but are merely prospects in process of development, either with a view to sale to some wealthy corporation, or of operation by the immediate owners. In common with the rest of our fraternity, I got my share of this kind of employment and it might be supposed that of the different causes which led to my travels through the hills this could be regarded as the least hazardous. Passing at frequent intervals over the same trail, one learned to know almost every stick and stone. Those stretches where speed might be made with perfect safety, and those where a reasonable amount of caution was indicated, became as familiar as one's own doorstep, while the intelligence of the hardy cayuses was such that after one trip they were so thoroughly acquainted with the trail that even in the dark they could travel in confidence and safety. Yet even in such circumstances the most unexpected things could, and did, occur. At one moment all would be calm and peaceful, horses and man proceeding almost as if asleep; the next confusion reigned and danger

was rampant. Scarcely was the impending calamity realized before it had either passed on without causing disaster or it had broken over one's head in fury.

Early in my experience as a packer I was assigned the job of packing in supplies to a couple of claims which were being developed by two financiers, resident in Calgary. As these claims could be reached from the railroad in one day's travel of a little more than normal length, I was handling the string of ponies alone, spending the night at the claims where there was an abundance of feed and water for the packtrain, and next day returning empty to the railroad, to repeat the process until all the supplies and equipment had been delivered. As might be expected several cases of dynamite were among the thousand and one things awaiting transportation. In those days dynamite was a very different substance to what it is now. It had to be thawed out before it was in a condition to be used and as it was decidedly unstable, one was never quite certain as to how it was going to act. At one time it would seem that it could be treated in the roughest possible manner and that nothing would set it off, but at another time a comparatively slight jar was sufficient to result in a disastrous explosion. For this reason, I had selected the quietest and laziest pony, who always marched at the tail end of the procession, where he would get into no arguments with the rest of the pack train, to carry the load of dynamite. This consisted of three cases carefully slung and secured with the "diamond hitch".

The trail, such as it was, to these claims, after leaving the Bow River Valley through which the railroad passed, ascended a high green ridge, timbered almost to the top; it then descended a short distance on the farther side of the ridge and followed the entire length of a high Alpine valley which traverses the eastern side of Castle Mountain (Mt. Eisenhower) and at the northern end of which was the site of the claims referred to. The final fifty yards or so of this ridge was entirely free of all growth except grass, and was so steep that loaded ponies were hard put to it to negotiate the crest. On one memorable occasion we had proceeded without incident from the valley below to the end of timber. Then I got all the incident that I wanted, and more, in an exceedingly short space of time. As the pack train emerged from the timber onto the open ground

leading to the summit of the ridge, they marched straight into the largest assemblance of black flies that it has ever been my misfortune to tangle with. If any of the black fly population of Canada were not present at that gathering, they were the bedridden ones. Descending in clouds upon the cayuses, they drove them to distraction. Plunging up the slopes as well as their burdens permitted in order to escape from the unwelcome attentions of the winged horde, the usually placid cayuses had no thought for anything but to get free of their tormentors. Even the indolent Pete, the dynamite pony, forgot for the time being his normal role of laziness and indifference. Last in line, he received the full benefit of the attack of the blinding, stinging flies. Driven to desperation, he reared up on his hind legs and struck with his front feet frantically, and quite uselessly, at his tiny assailants. But alas, in his sudden anger at the pests he entirely overlooked the fact that he was not on level ground, but on an exceedingly steep sidehill. The weight of his pack, added to his unusual stance on only two legs, threw him completely off balance and, to my horror, he fell over backwards, almost involving me in the debacle. Smack, those cases of dynamite struck the ground with a crash! The steepness of the slope and the pony's desperate struggles to regain his feet combined to start him rolling rapidly to the bottom of the bare patch and finally to shoot him under the fallen trunk of a fir tree which was just far enough raised from the ground to permit him to become firmly wedged. Later I had the rather doubtful pleasure of chopping him free, as of course he had managed to get himself cornered in such a way that it was impossible to get at his pack.

Funny, no doubt, seeing that nothing happened, but the feelings that I experienced during the centuries that I waited for those frail boxes with their load of destruction to hit the ground were very far from funny! Why that dynamite did not go off I cannot say. After being shaken up for some hours on the back of a cayuse under a blazing sun, it had got pretty well softened up, and yet it stood all that pounding as if it were the usual procedure. Had it been otherwise there would not have been enough left of either me or the pack outfit to make even a small blot on the landscape.

It just goes to prove that, while there is no more healthy or enjoyable life than that of a guide, hunter and packer, there are moments when the shifting of the balance by so much as a hairbreadth means all the difference between a thrill and a laugh and a very sudden and rather unpleasant finish to a promising career.

SOMETIMES these unexpected happenings have an element of rather grim humour accompanying them. The humour is by no means apparent at the time, far from it, but later, when anticipated disaster has passed without any ill result, one can afford to review all that may have occurred and it would be a very stolid minded person indeed who would not realize how close tragedy can come to comedy and how ridiculous a situation would have appeared to a disinterested onlooker, even though it might have been tremendously serious to the participant himself.

In illustration of this, I can cite an occasion which took place when I was conducting a party who were engaged on a photographic expedition in the region of the Continental Divide in search of striking and unique pictures of the magnificent, but at that time seldom visited, glaciers which abound in that neighbourhood. Plateholders were rapidly being filled with a superb collection of photographs which depicted the glorious beauty of the Waputik, Lyall, and Freshfield icefields and their attendant glaciers, as well as the grandeur of Mt. Forbes and other outstanding peaks. Through the winter months these photographs were to charm and delight the audiences of New York and Boston.

At length we turned our steps somewhat regretfully in the direction of the railroad and civilization as the call of business compelled the return of my party to their Eastern homes. Following the Howse River to its headwaters, we crossed the low divide of the Howse Pass on to the head of the Blaeberry River and followed the course of the stream which flowed at the bottom of a V-shaped valley in the hope and belief that it would prove a short cut to our destination on the railroad. For the greater part of the year only a small quantity of water flows through this valley to emerge into the Columbia River valley at Donald; but unfortunately for us it was the very peak of the high water season and so narrow was the channel traversed by this stream that it was afforded no opportunity to expand when it was swollen by the melting waters of the nearby

giant glaciers and icefields, but merely became deeper and more than usually rapid and resentful of confinement.

Owing to the configuration of the valley, the trail closely followed the bed of the stream and frequent crossings were necessitated. Each of these crossings, as we descended the creek and it increased in volume, became more difficult and more nearly approached the point of actual danger.

Mid-morning of our second day in the Blaeberry valley found us gazing ruefully at what at ordinary times would have been a simple ford, but which was now a rushing torrent thundering among large boulders. To make matters worse, immediately below the former ford the creek plunged between high cut banks, almost precipitous enough to be called a canyon, and woe betide the man or horse who lost his footing in those swift waters. Further advance along the regular trail having become impossible, at least for a time, it was decided to camp on the spot and scout around in the hopes of either finding a possible path along the bank on which we were until the trail again returned to it or that the chill of the night would lower the water sufficiently to render it fordable first thing in the morning.

After a hasty lunch the rest of the party remained in camp while I set out for the top of the cut banks, accompanied only by my dog, Hector. I left my rifle in camp as I did not wish to be encumbered with it in my scrambles over windfalls and I anticipated no danger. My object was to look for a trail which appeared to have been used in former years under circumstances similar to our own or to decide whether a way could be made through the forest that would be negotiable by our packtrain. A mile or so of crashing through brush and climbing over the trunks of fallen cedars and firs convinced me that it would be far speedier to return to the Howse Pass and strike the railroad by some other valley descending from the pass. As a last resource I determined to assure myself that it would not be possible to make our way along the foot of the bank until we could again resume the proper trail.

At certain points along the cutbank a slightly less steep grade permitted the growth of vegetation, and strips some fifty yards or more in width and covered with small trees, brush and grass led from the rim to the water's edge. Down one of these I made my way, noting about a third of the way down a large, square rock standing alone and

about the size of a small house. As I passed it I carelessly wondered how many centuries had elapsed since receding ice had left it poised in that unlikely place.

Arrived at the bottom, I could see at once that it was possible for a man to get through; a laden pack train could not. I prepared to return to our camp, assured that some other way would have to be found in order to continue our journey. As I ascended the slope, a sound of snuffling and the barking of my dog drew my attention and, looking round, to my horror I saw Hector gleefully chasing a small grizzly bear cub through the openings in the surrounding brush. I instantly comprehended what would happen; the cub would run to its mother, the old lady would charge the dog, he would run to me for protection, I would get the full benefit of outraged maternal feelings and with no means of defence or way of escape at hand, there would be one fool guide missing. One frantic call to Hector and up the hill I tore as fast as my legs could scramble upwards. Thankfully I remembered that huge rock. I could climb it, but the grizzly could not and the burning question was, could I reach it before the mother bear got to me? Cracklings sounded in the brush below, but I was on no tour of investigation. One streak of good fortune I had. When I shouted to him, Hector stopped chasing the bear cub and came back to me.

With what seemed at the time to be the last breath left in me I gained the rock and was half way up it. Reaching down I grabbed my dog, threw him on top of the rock and lost no time in following him. As we lay there panting, I scanned the brush for signs of an approaching agitated and angry she bear. Minutes passed and nothing appeared, though occasionally a movement in the bush near the creek indicated the presence of some animal.

After a considerable time, the action of my heart and lungs had returned to something like normal I very unobtrusively descended from my refuge, quietly climbed the remainder of the slope, and made my way back to our camp. I can afford to laugh at our predicament to-day, but on that day in early summer years ago I was quite unable to perceive any humour in the situation. To an observer in a safe position, however, the spectacle of a man and a dog tearing madly up a steep incline for no apparent reason, evidently scared half out of their wits and with no seeming

object other than to see how quickly they could scramble on top of a big rock would, I must admit, have appeared extremely laughable. Had my dog, though, not instantly responded to my call and left the cub before its mother knew what was going on, I question whether we should not have been scattered over the landscape before we reached our rock of refuge. It was not until some years later that I told anyone of the actual happenings of that afternoon, for then I need no longer fear being "kidded" for running away from a bear that did not show up.

CHAPTER VII

CAYUSES I HAVE MET

FROM my own personal experience, corroborated by that of many other guides and packers, I am forced to the conclusion that the most remarkable creature that walks this earth on four feet is the Indian cayuse. He is also certainly the most unpredictable. You can never tell what he will do next, but you may be quite certain that it will be something entirely unexpected and, in all probability, will be the most unreasonable action that one could conceive him to be capable of. There used to be a saying prevalent among packers in the old days to this effect. Never think that you have an Indian cayuse just where you want him, because just when you think that you have got him good and solid is the very time you haven't got him at all!

Even his origin is more or less a puzzle. Certainly he is descended from the horses brought over by the Spaniards at the time of their conquest of the New World, for previous to that date the Indians had no knowledge of the horse. Indeed, when the Peruvian Inca Indians first saw the Spaniards under Pizarro riding on horseback, they thought man and horse were one animal. But it is rather difficult to conceive of the tall, stately warhorse of the Spaniards and the shaggy, little runt which is the Indian cayuse as being one and the same animal. The difference is undoubtedly due to a variety of causes. Inbreeding has probably much to do with the diminution in size, and as the horse wandered, or was led, farther north into colder climates, his coat of silk gradually became the rough, wiry, long hair of the cayuse, and the tender skin, so easily torn by briar and thorn, developed into a tough, leathery, thick hide, impervious to almost all of Nature's assaults. Complete change of environment, the absence of grain from his feed, the continual warfare with unsympathetic masters, and the struggle for existence through the winters of the northern portions of the continent, along with numerous other factors, united to produce the cayuse of pack train days. Though he lost the size, the grace and beauty, and even the strength

of his far-distant ancestors, he gained the ability to exist, and to carry on, under conditions that would have speedily proved fatal to his forbears, and he became, without doubt, one of the toughest and most resilient animals in the world.

The cayuse was, and where he still exists is, the greatest bundle of contradictions of which anyone could have any conception. He is both clever and foolish, cunning and stupid, brave and cowardly, resourceful and helpless, patient and explosive. Imagine these, and many other diametrically opposed characteristics wrapped up in the hardy body of a diminutive pony, weighing never more than eight to nine hundred pounds and generally averaging seven hundred or a little less, and you will have a fair, general idea of the four-footed creature who was, to a very great extent responsible for the exploration of the Canadian Rockies. Without him travel in any degree of comfort was quite impossible. Canoes could only be used on the largest rivers or on the lakes; travel on foot was slow and arduous and prohibited the carrying of any quantity of supplies, but the cayuse could go anywhere . . . over high passes, through thick timber and narrow canyons, and even the deepest river was no deterrent to his progress. Add to this his capability of carrying a heavy load for five or six hours a day, without a rest, and his ability to thrive on the food which the country provided, where a more domesticated animal would have starved to death, and you will realize his tremendous value to the packer and freighter of pioneer days when exploration first broke away from the main river highways and the broad valleys to search out the more difficult hinterland.

There would seem to be only two things of which the Indian cayuse has any real fear, but he certainly is very much in dread of those two. These creators of panic in a pack train are grizzly bears and severe hailstorms. I have had some experience of both of these and I can vouch for the fact that I have never seen horses in such a state of uncontrollable terror from any other cause.

ON ONE OCCASION I was going north to the Clearwater River by way of the Morley trail, and about the middle of the afternoon as we were crossing the Greasy Plains, which is an open stretch of country almost entirely devoid of timber, a rainstorm came up with little warning. The rain suddenly changed to hailstones of considerable size,

ranging from a very big pea to much larger than a golf ball. Not only were the hailstones large, but the air seemed to be full of them, like the proverbial leaves in Vallambrosa, and they came down as if shot from rifles. Bill Peyto was accompanying me at the time, and we headed for the shelter of what few trees there were in the neighbourhood, but the ponies seemed completely bewildered by the onslaught of the hail and to have no idea of where to go for even partial safety. They tore over the open flat in all directions, not maintaining a straight-ahead course, but twisting and turning in their wild career, attempting to escape from the painful and maddening hailstones. Fortunately the storm was of short duration, or goodness only knows where the poor brutes might have run to. As it was, when the sun shone forth again, it took us quite a while to gather up the bunch, and we had a very sore and sober string of cayuses to herd along for the rest of the day.

The other cause of panic arising in a pack train — grizzley bears — will produce even more serious results than will hailstorms. The resulting reaction to an overly severe hailstorm is merely the dispersal of the pack train in every direction, but the advent of a grizzly bear produces an altogether different reaction. It sends the ponies flying madly in one direction in a concerted move. Indian ponies intensely dislike any brand of bear, so much so that when even a harmless black bear has crossed their trail a considerable time previous to their arrival, they will get his scent, shy suddenly from the trail and get farther along the road as rapidly as they can make it. But let them find themselves in the neighbourhood of a grizzly bear, and they have but one thought, common to all, to get as close to human companionship as possible. I have on two occasions had my camp disturbed by one of these frenzied rushes and a description of one of these events will serve to illustrate the utter terror that a grizzly can inspire in these, ordinarily, rather stolid animals.

I was taking two English gentlemen on a sheep hunt around the Wilcox Pass and the headwaters of the many mountain torrents which flow into the Sunwapta River. We were camped at the head of the Wilcox Pass one night and were just getting settled in the dudes' tent for our usual little evening poker session when there was a

peculiar, shrill squeal from the group of cayuses who, a few seconds before, had been peacefully feeding a scant hundred yards away. There was a thunder of hooves, and as one pony, the whole bunch came flying madly, helter, skelter, in our direction. I never saw ponies move so fast! Before we could make a move to get to our feet, the cayuses were in the camp, tripping over tent guy ropes and stumbling over piles of saddles and other gear. Why they did not run right over us into the tent is something that I will never know, for they were absolutely crazy with fear, but as soon as they reached us they stopped suddenly, their sides heaving, their ears laid back, eyes literally standing out from their heads, and showing every symptom of horrified dread that an animal is capable of. As soon as we could collect ourselves after the surprise of their onslaught, we grabbed rifles and, rather foolishly perhaps, went out into the meadow to try and discover the reason for such a remarkable demonstration on the part of the cayuses. But whatever it was that had created so much alarm among the pack train had by now apparently departed, leaving no sign, though one of our party did say that he thought he saw some large animal moving off among the brush with which the meadow was plentifully besprinkled. It was too dark to look for any tracks, but in the morning, when I went down to see that the ponies were all right, there was all the evidence that anyone could wish for. Imprinted in the soft, almost boggy, earth of the meadow were the unmistakable footprints of a large bear, much too large for any black bear, unless he were an absolute giant. He had evidently come out of the timber which edged the meadow to the east and fortunately, being in a good temper and probably well fed, had no idea of attacking or interfering with the feeding cayuses. These, most likely, were not aware of his presence in their neighbourhood until he was near enough for them to catch his scent and then, as the French say, events marched; they did more than march, they galloped.

That was my first experience of the terror a grizzly could inspire in the hearts of horses. It happened during the early days of my career as a guide and packer, but I had a similar experience several years later when taking a party up the Athabasca. This time I saw the grizzly. He came out of the bush onto the flat where the cayuses were

feeding, and though he made no attempt to attack, the result was the same . . . there was a wild rush, which only ceased when the ponies were in among the tents and with human beings close at hand.

NOW let me introduce to my readers a few of these remarkable animals with whom it was my good fortune to become acquainted during the years I travelled the hills "to seek what lay behind". First and foremost in my memories will always be a wonderful little pony known to all the packing brotherhood of a bygone era as "Denny". He was, without doubt, the most aggravating little brute I ever came in contact with, and yet at the same time he was very loveable. We all grumbled about Denny's misdeeds, but I verily believe that any of us would have cheerfully gone through hellfire to save him from danger. He was very little bigger than a good-sized Shetland pony, of an indeterminate colour, somewhere between a buckskin and a light bay. Extremely lazy and prepared at any moment to start eating for a solid twenty-four hours, he nevertheless was absolutely dependable as far as his pack was concerned, and once his pack was on, there was no more need for worry on that score. Even if the ropes came somewhat loose during the march, he managed to keep the pack balanced on his back until we arrived in camp. Where Denny was, there would be the pack in good shape.

But the relation of a few incidents of which Denny was the central figure will do more to give the reader an idea of what a bundle of contradictions he was than pages of description. Going north on one occasion with an unusually large pack train, I had well over twenty cayuses in the string. We camped for the night in very nice country, plenty of feed and water, the only drawback being that the area was plentifully dotted with small stands of timber, making it impossible, after the ponies had been turned loose to feed, to see more than a few at a time. Worse still, my own string, who could be depended on to feed fairly close together, comprised little more than half the bunch; the balance Tom Wilson had got for me by picking up a pony or two from other guides' remudas and adding them to mine. This meant that at night there was no way of keeping them all together, so I always picketed the two or three worst ramblers, put the bell, as usual, on my bell mare and hoped for the best. Denny was a lone wolf and always fed by

himself. He had a real talent for nosing out the best feed in the country and keeping it to himself, so I carried a particularly noisy bell and hung it around his neck religiously every night. For several days all had gone fairly well and Denny's bell had always led me to him in short order. This time, when I turned out about five in the morning to run the ponies in, I found them all with very little trouble but . . . no sign or sound of Denny. I searched everywhere, stood and listened for the faintest tinkle of his bell, and even went a mile or so down the trail, though Denny had never been known to start back towards home, as some cayuses do, but I couldn't find him anywhere. When it got near 7 o'clock, I took the rest of the ponies into camp and started saddling until breakfast was called. After breakfast, I left the others of the party to break camp and start packing and again went to look for the absent Denny. At last I began to wonder whether he could possibly have hidden himself in one of the clumps of trees and as a last hope I started walking through them. The second one I tried was rather large, and after going in a little way I found that it completely surrounded some of the finest feed I ever saw. At the farther end of the little meadow, knee-deep in grass, stood Denny, as motionless as though carved in stone. The instant that I emerged from the timber he saw me, put down his head and began to feed, and the bell started to ring. When I went up to him and put the hackamore on him, he looked at me in a way that said as plainly as if he had spoken, "Well, I fooled you for quite a while that time, didn't I." That confounded runt of a pony had stood absolutely motionless for over three hours, knowing perfectly well that if he did so, the bell would not ring and that I should have quite a job finding him. If that is not sheer cunning, then I do not know what is.

THAT is one side of the picture, but there is a reverse. Coming down the Alexandra River from the Castle-guard country we were proposing to camp at the forks of the Alexandra and the Saskatchewan, on the Saskatchewan side, as there was an excellent camping place there. We crossed the Saskatchewan and then had only a short distance to go. Two or three hundred yards from the camp ground Denny noticed a specially attractive mouthful or two of luscious grass just a few steps off the trail and, as

usual, Denny headed for it. I was riding herd that day and as we were so near camp I did not bother to go after him and drive him back to the trail. The same sort of thing had often occurred before and Denny had always arrived in camp before the rest of the cayuses were unpacked. When the packs were off the other ponies, Denny was still absent, but it was late in the afternoon and I was anxious to get camp set up and everything shipshape before dark, so I did not go after him, expecting to see him appear at any minute. Before the camp chores were finished, the cook called supper and by the time that was finished it was dark. Still no Denny. In those times we did not pack flash lights with us and I soon gave up any attempt to go down the trail to find the absentee, making some remark to the effect that if Denny wanted to carry his pack all the night he could, and he would not need packing in the morning anyway. Still, the absence of the little beggar bothered me, for as I have already said, we all liked Denny and would not willingly allow any harm to happen to him. So first thing in the morning I went hunting him.

I did not have far to go. Within ten yards of the spot where he had turned off the trail the evening before, Denny was standing between two jack pines. There was sufficient room between the trees for Denny himself to pass through, but not nearly enough to allow of the passage of his pack as well, and so when he had eaten the grass between the pines and had tried to move on through, his pack stopped him. How much longer he would have stayed in that position I would not try to guess, for time meant nothing at all to Denny. Two steps backward and he would have been quite clear, but he just didn't take them. Whether it was just plain stupidity or stubbornness is a question hard to answer. I am inclined to think that it was a case of stupidity, though it is hard to imagine Denny's being stupid. He knew quite well that someone would come looking for him sometime and it was too much trouble to think out a way of escape for himself. One more incident illustrative of Denny's complex character and we will pass on to some of the other ponies with whom I became well acquainted.

I had, on one trip, a mountain climbing party out in the neighbourhood of the Columbia Icefield and the Athabasca River. When going north we forded the Saskatchewan near the point where Bear Creek enters the larger

river. It was early July. The Saskatchewan is very wide at that point and was in full flood, which meant that we had to swim the entire distance from bank to bank, something more than a quarter of a mile. Denny was a first-class little horse in the water and could swim as well as any of them, but on account of his small size and the peculiar things that he might at any time take a notion to do, we never put anything in his pack that could be seriously damaged by water. We all got across, Denny included, without any difficulty and went on our way. When we returned from the trip on our way back to Banff it was late August and, on account of the very dry summer, the Saskatchewan was very low. We started across and found that the cayuses could wade right across the river with the exception of one narrow channel near the south bank. Here there was possibly fifty feet, or less, of swimming water. Denny, of course, was the last cayuse in line and he took plenty of time in crossing. When all the rest of us had reached the shore, he was still not much more than half way over, so we all sat on the bank and watched him come. Presently he arrived near the deeper channel and as the water deepened he sank lower and lower. Pretty soon there was nothing to be seen of Denny but his nose, his eyes and ears, and the top of his pack. We looked at each other and wondered what the little devil was doing. Was he deliberately trying to drown himself or was he too lazy to swim until he was absolutely compelled to. Then he disappeared altogether and for four or five seconds there was no sign whatever of him. Then, as he again reached shallowing water, he began, in reverse, to show up and soon he was wading to shore and came out on to the solid ground as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. What had actually taken place was that for thirty feet or more Denny had been entirely submerged, but either he had determined that he was not going to give himself the exertion of swimming until he was obliged to, or he knew that he could travel the short distance under water without getting into difficulties. There is simply nothing that one can do with a cayuse with a nature having so much shrewdness in its make-up except to let him go his own gait. You can be sure that he won't let you down in the pinch, yet if he can outguess you to his own advantage you can be sure that he will, and the ruses that he will

adopt will be entirely unconventional. Denny has long passed to the horse's heaven, but we hope that he is receiving the reward of his faithful, though decidedly individualistic, loyalty.

PADDY was, perhaps, the most intelligent cayuse that I have ever run across. Actually, I do not think that he was a true cayuse; but rather he was a cross between a cayuse stallion and a broncho mare. He was a dark bay, much bigger than an ordinary cayuse, though smaller than any other type of horse. My first experience with Paddy was such as to cause me to rate him very highly in the intelligence scale. My partner and I were aiming for the headwaters of the Saskatchewan on my first winter trapping expedition, and we decided, in order to save time, to go in by way of the Pipestone Pass. After leaving Laggan we had to cross the ridge which separates the Bow Valley from that of the Pipestone and over which the trail runs in order to pass the canyon of the Pipestone. This trail had been burnt over some years previously, with the result that, on account of fallen and leaning timber, it was quite impossible to keep to such trail as there had been. However, going in, we were able to make our way over, under or round the obstruction with the aid of a little chopping here and there to make a road for our ponies. We succeeded in crossing the ridge and reaching the valley of the Pipestone in good time. Unfortunately for us, financial conditions had prevented us from making a start until nearly the end of October, and the following morning a fine snow commenced falling. Still, it did not amount to much and we continued on our way.

The third day after leaving Laggan we arrived at the foot of the Pipestone Pass. Snow was still falling and getting thicker all the time and when we finally got up on the pass itself we were confronted by about three feet of new snow. Even this might have been negotiable, but underneath there was an indeterminable depth of old snow which at that altitude, 8,100 feet, had probably been there since early September. The crust on this old snow was firm enough to carry us, but would not sustain the weight of the heavily laden cayuses and as it was obviously impossible to shovel a trail for them for ten miles or more, we were reluctantly compelled to give up and retrace our steps and try to make the Saskatchewan by a lower, more open route.

Two days later, well on in the afternoon, we arrived again at the foot of the ridge separating us from the Bow Valley. As time was of great importance, we decided to try to make Laggan that night, but there was now six inches of snow on the ridge, completely hiding the route by which we had previously crossed. Still we started off, trying to pick out the way by which we had come in, but we found it difficult and we frequently ran into dead ends and either had to cut our way through or turn back and try somewhere else. All this was taking time and it began to look as though we might be caught by the night before we had got through the tangle. While we were stopped at one point, endeavouring to pick up our old trail, I noticed Paddy moving slowly, but confidently, off by himself just as if he knew where he was going. I called my partner's attention to his actions and he said, "Well, he can't get us into any worse mess than this; let him go ahead as he seems to know where he ought to go." So we herded the rest of the cayuses in behind Paddy and, being very careful not to make him go any faster than he wanted to, just kept on following his lead. Never once did he seem at a loss as to where he should go next, but without any haste kept marching steadily on. Sometimes we thought he had lost himself but, just when we were almost sure that he was wrong, we would come to some tree that we had cut on the way in, or we would pass some peculiar landmark that we had previously noticed. Without a single stop Paddy brought us out of the timber at the exact spot where we had entered it nearly five days before. How he did it over a trail that he had only travelled once before and which was now obliterated by six inches of snow I cannot say, but the fact remains that he did it.

This was not by any means the only instance, during the years that Paddy was in my string, of his almost uncanny aptitude for following a hidden trail. Even when a trail had been badly blocked and a new trail cut around it, he seemed to know instinctively which was the blocked trail and which the open one. I never travelled with a better horse than Paddy; thoroughly reliable, calm and even-tempered in an emergency; a good horse in water and impossible to rattle, he was the ideal of a pack horse.

NIGGER was one of the best looking ponies that I have ever run across. Slightly bigger than the average cayuse,

he was coal black from head to hoof, whence of course his name, and he gave one the impression of being a really powerful horse who could stand anything that a pack horse should be asked to stand. But our first acquaintance with him caused my partner and me to modify our opinion of his capabilities. We got him from Tom Wilson to take north one fall on a winter's trapping expedition, and he was unknown to either of us. When we first assembled our little pack train of six ponies, we naturally judged him by his looks and assigned him the regulation load of 200 pounds. But even before the lash rope was on, he commenced to wilt before our eyes, his back sagged in the middle until he looked like a switchback railway and he gave vent to low moans as if he were just about to collapse. Thinking that this was only the reaction resulting from living the life of Riley as he had been doing for some weeks before coming to us, we paid no attention to his signals of distress, but every morning the same thing happened and frequently along the trail, as he walked with his belly almost touching the ground, he would look back over his shoulder with the most woebegone expression in his eyes, as much as to say, "This weight is nearly killing me. Have you no sympathy at all?"

Finally, after two or three days of this kind of thing, it got on our nerves, and we believed the poor beast was really suffering. So the next morning I took fifty or seventy-five pounds off his back and put it on my saddle horse. This of course necessitated my giving my own horse, in common decency, long spells when I walked to make up for the extra weight that he was carrying. Nigger now travelled in better style, though he still did not seem any too happy. About the second day after making this change we were passing through an open valley. The gradually rising ground on each side of the valley was lightly timbered with countless dead poles intermingled with the living trees, some fallen down, some still standing, the relics of a long-ago fire. The timber being fairly open, rich grass grew everywhere and the temptation was too strong for most of our string and they swung into the trees to crop as much of the succulent feed as they could before they were driven back on the weary way. Nigger, of course, was one of the delinquents and it happened that, when all the others had been driven back to the trail, he still

remained cropping grass as quickly as he could. I went after him and, knowing that he might get a licking, he hastened to get back where he belonged. But in his hurry to escape me he did not see that he had run into a cul-de-sac of criss-crossed poles some five feet in height, which boxed him on three sides. I followed him, intending to grab his hackamore and lead him out to the "straight and narrow." But he did not propose to be caught that way so easily and as I neared him, he made a short run and sailed over the barricade of poles as lightly as a swallow. My partner and I looked at each other in astonishment. Was this the poor weakling who could barely stagger along under a light load? Under pressure, he had cleared a barrier that would have been a surprisingly good jump for a horse carrying no load at all. I said to Bill, "From now on that bird carries as big a load as any of them." And he did. I had Nigger in my string for several years after that. He always carried the regulation load, and never once did he try to sell me the idea that he was being overworked, but stepped out as jauntily as the best of them. Ever after the above incident he was as good a pack pony as I want to meet.

ROANIE, as his name would imply, was a beautifully dappled roan pony, rather a rarity among Indian cayuses, for some unknown reason. He was a fine-looking, upstanding pony, except for the fact that his legs were extraordinarily long for a pony. Roanie was, in some respects, as smart a pack horse as I ever expect to meet, and he was better than good under the saddle, but he had one failing which got him into all kinds of trouble, especially with the rest of the string. It made no difference what position he held in the line of marching ponies, he always wanted to be a little nearer the front and he was constantly trying to pass the cayuse ahead of him. This is the one cardinal sin that Indian ponies will not tolerate. Their belief is: keep the place that you start out in in the morning or take the consequences. Roanie never seemed to learn this and, as a result, he was continually being nipped and kicked by the other cayuses when he tried to get ahead of them. Sometimes the pony in front of him would turn aside to snatch a mouthful of grass and it was really funny to see Roanie prick up his ears and make a quick dash to secure the vacant place. Probably, in his younger days,

he had been rather severely pounded on the tail by some hard-hearted drag rider and thenceforth his chief object in life, when on the trail, was to put as much distance as possible between himself and the end of the string. It was this habit which placed him in the predicament described in a previous chapter, when he got himself pushed over a cliff in the Yoho Valley.

But in many other ways he was even smarter than the average cayuse and his ability to measure space by the eye was at times almost uncanny. Often, when timber grew close to the edge of the trail, leaving only a narrow space for pony and pack to go through, I have observed Roanie stop, glance at the tree on each side and, if there were not room to pass between with his pack, he did not attempt it, but picked out some way to get around one or the other of the trees. Also we frequently encountered fallen trees which had lodged in other trees on their way to the ground, sometimes leaving enough room for a cayuse and its pack to pass under it, but more often the reverse was the case and I have seen many a smart cayuse trapped because his pack jammed against the leaning tree. But I never knew Roanie to be caught. He would stop and look at the leaner, evidently measuring its distance from the ground. If it was too low, he made no attempt to go under it, if he decided there was room for him he marched on and, so far as I know, he was never wrong. But it was when it was a really close thing and a few inches made all the difference between passing under and having to find a way around that Roanie showed his surprising cleverness. When he figured that with a litt'e effort he could get through, he would crouch slightly, bending his legs just enough to give him clearance, and maintaining his crouching attitude, would wiggle under the leaning tree. In the same manner he would size up the space between two trees alongside the trail and if he thought he could get through, he would turn a little sideways and get one side of his pack past a tree and then, leaning in that direction, he would hitch the other side of the pack around the opposite tree. If he thought this would not work, he started picking a way around the trees. It is hard to conceive of more striking proof of the amazing intelligence that is wrapped up in the tough body of an Indian pony.

BELLE got her name because, whosever string she happened to be in, she was always the bell mare, that is, she always led the pack train, following immediately behind the leading guide and she always wore her bell. On the march it was usually stuffed full of grass to silence its eternal tinkle, but at night, when the ponies were turned out to graze, the bell gave conclusive evidence that the string was not far away. She was in my string for several years, and a kinder, gentler, or more intelligent little animal I never want to see. When I had Belle along, I never worried much about having to search for straying cayuses in the early morning, for it is only rarely that horses will desert a mare, and if she has a colt at heel, one is practically assured of finding one's ponies all together when one goes to fetch them into camp before breakfast. Of course, there may be some of those erratic cayuses, like Denny, who are an absolute law unto themselves and pay no heed to horse traditions or customs. But they are soon spotted and pay for their wandering propensities by being hobbled or, if they are particularly bad in this respect, they are picketed. Belle was quite small, though chunky, and quite capable of bearing the average load. She was a beautiful dark brown, unusually pretty for an Indian pony and, on account of her wonderful good nature, was everybody's pet.

Yet even this charming paragon fell from grace on two occasions that I recall and showed the unpredictableness which is so characteristic of the Indian pony. Once I was guiding a hunting party going north from Morley to the Red Deer River and the Clearwater country. On this particular trip I had intended using Belle as my saddle horse, as I did not have a saddle pony of my own with me at the time, but Wilson was short of horses just then and, for the first few days, I decided to pack Belle and share the cook's riding pony with him. A riding saddle is not the best thing in the world to put a pack on, but it does not inconvenience the pony any more than the ordinary pack saddle, perhaps not as much. But be that as it may, all went well until about the third or fourth morning out from Banff. I was packing Belle after breakfast and had just got the pack adjusted in the sling ropes and was reaching for the pack cover when, without any warning, Belle started to give an excellent imitation of bucking. Down went her

head, up went her back and she was humping herself all over the place. Being normally such a gentle beast, she had a very miscellaneous load, but in a very short time it was widely scattered over the immediately adjacent landscape. Pots, pans, hobbles, bells and other innumerable odds and ends were flung in a wide circle and not until she had got rid of everything except the pack saddle and the sling ropes, did she cease to heave herself around the country. When the last item was shaken off, she again was her usual quiet, gentle self. With the idea of ridding her of any notions of this kind I climbed into the saddle and tried in every way to induce her to cut any capers she might have in her system, but I was unable to raise even the very mildest kind of a crowhop. In fact, it was about all I could do to persuade her to trot up and down the trail. Belle's other lapse happened one time I was getting ready to start out with one of Wilson's parties. While we were packing up in the corral, Tom brought the dudes from the hotel and made us acquainted with one another. One of the party admitted that he knew nothing whatever about a horse and would like to have as quiet as pony as possible. So I decided to let him ride Belle. As soon as she was saddled, the gentleman stepped aboard to see what it felt like and to get the stirrups adjusted to the right length. No sooner was he in the saddle than Belle exploded. About three jumps and the poor dude was flat on his back in the dust of the corral. He was quite unhurt, except probably in his pride, but he took it very well, only remarking, "Well, now that you've seen the greenhorn dumped, let's get on with the packing." Of course he thought it was a put-up job, and it was not until he had learned to know both Belle and me a great deal better that he realized that it was "just one of those things" and that Belle really was a charming little animal. All the rest of the years that Belle travelled with me she proved herself the kindest and most faithful cayuse that I have known.

MOLLY exemplifies the indomitable courage of the cayuse and his refusal to accept defeat, no matter how great the odds. On one occasion I was sent by Wilson to pack in the winter's supplies for two old-time prospectors who had a small mine on Silver Slope Creek, near the head waters of the Ottertail River. It was the first week of November, which is rather late to be packing in the high

country, but I had been unable to get on the job any sooner, having been out with a hunting party. The loads were all fairly heavy as we had to take in food supplies and other necessities sufficient to last them for about five months. Packs were easily made up, with one exception. This was a large new cook stove which had been taken apart at the factory and packed as compactly as possible and heavily bound with strap iron. Bolts and nuts were sent along, and on arrival at the permanent camp the bundle would be taken apart and the stove set up and bolted together. Now, two hundred pounds was always considered about the maximum load for a cayuse, but on referring to the freight bill, we found that this nuisance of a stove weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. To have opened up the package and distributed the parts among the string would have meant a lot of awkward packing and we would be very lucky if we arrived at the mine without having lost something. Molly was about the stoutest pony that I had and I decided to let her carry the big load, at least part of the way. So we made two light side packs by stuffing hay into potato sacks, and then by united effort heaved the package of cookstove on top. Once up, it was an easy matter to lash it solidly, as the square edges avoided any possibility of the lash rope's slipping. Then we started up the trail, Molly about the middle of the string, going steadily and appearing just as unconcerned as usual. We travelled for some three hours with no untoward incident, though as we advanced up the narrow valley of the Ottertail, the snow increased until now it was about six inches deep.

Suddenly, to our surprise and dismay, Molly wilted. She had shown no signs of distress. Usually, when a pony begins to play out, he stops frequently, attempts to wander off the trail and lie down, or looks back over his shoulder, as if requesting assistance. But no, the plucky little mare had kept on until it was a physical impossibility for her to go on any longer, and she sank down just as if the bones had been miraculously drawn out of her legs. Naturally, we got the pack off Molly as quickly as possible and helped the game little cayuse to her feet, where she stood, obviously weak, but showing not the slightest intention of quitting. By the time that we had the heavy pack loaded onto the strongest of the other ponies, a few alterations made, and

the lightest possible pack made up for Molly, she was ready to hit the trail again and carried on until we arrived at the mine.

It would be possible to continue to recount incidents of this kind, but enough has been said to illustrate the many good qualities of the too-much-abused Indian pony, and also to show the many peculiar quirks in his nature which go far towards counterbalancing his really fine traits and cause those who do not understand him to look on him as an unreliable and evil-tempered beast. Than which there is no greater error.



